Chronicles

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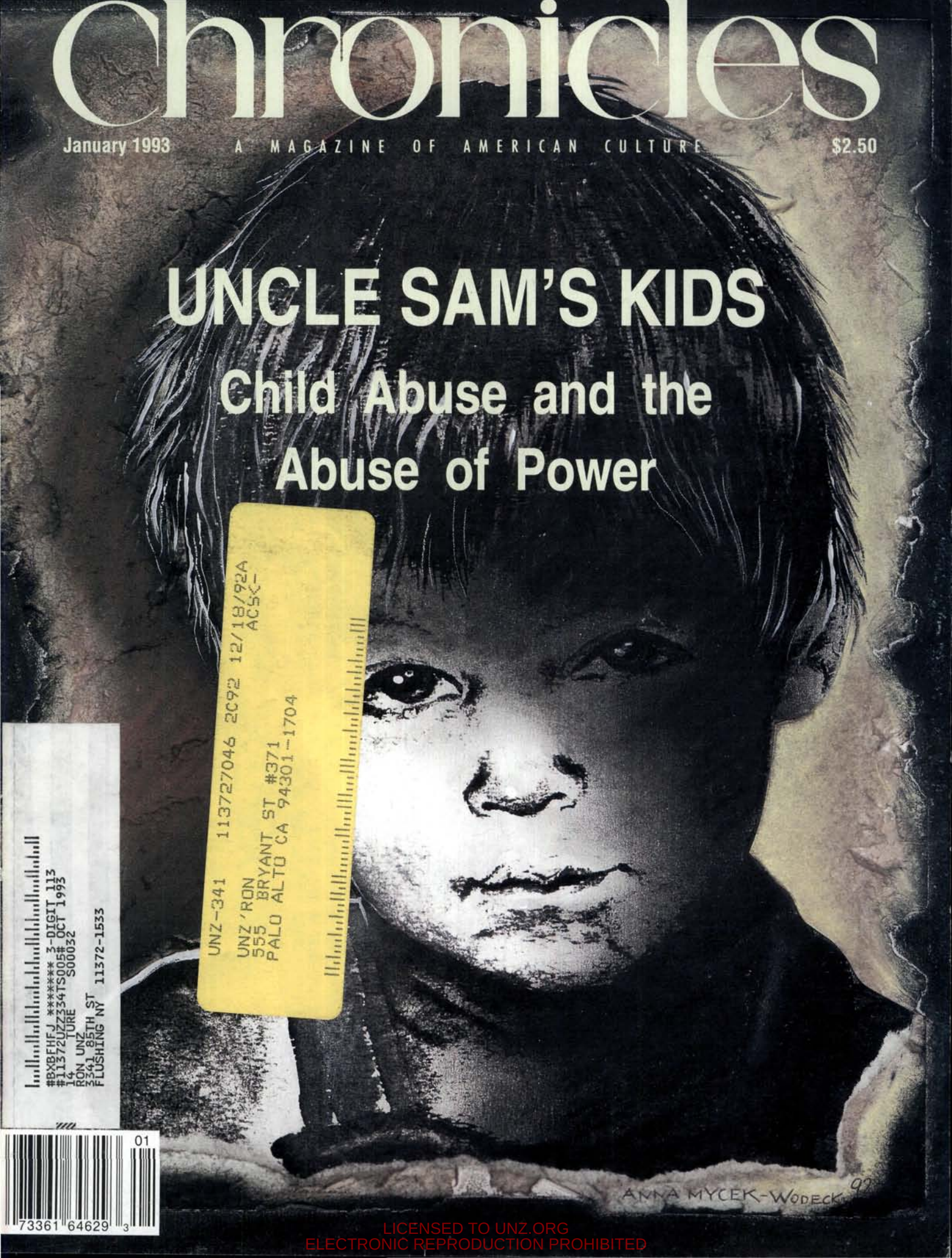
UNCLE SAM'S KIDS

Child Abuse and the Abuse of Power



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Cover by Anna Mycek-Wodecki.

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EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

MANAGING EDITOR
Theodore Pappas

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Christine Haynes

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
John W. Aldridge, Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine Dalton, Samuel Francis, George Garrett, E. Christian Kopff, Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Janet Scott Barlow, John Shelton Reed

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
Allan C. Carlson

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

COMPOSITION MANAGER
Anita Fedora

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Rochelle Frank

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 17, No. 1 January 1993

On 'Crime and Court Costs'

I was disappointed to read Randy Salzman's antilawyer diatribe ("Letter From Georgia: The Price of Justice," May 1992) in your otherwise fine magazine. The sum of $6,000 is a very small amount to pay to insure that a man charged with a homicide receives a fair trial. I am sure that no nonindigent citizen, a person who pays for his defense out of his own pocket, has ever received such a fine bargain.

The right to a fair trial is one of the noblest gifts we possess from our European heritage. To insure the exercise of that gift our Founding Fathers placed the right to a jury trial and to a counsel for defense in the Bill of Rights. In order to insure that right on a practical basis the states provide for either public defenders or the payment of private attorneys. If the lawyer is a private attorney such as Mr. Plunkett, the fee he receives pays not only his stenographer's fees, but his office overhead, his disability and medical insurance, his taxes, and finally his salary. Nobody gets rich defending the poor.

It is pathetic that Lincoln County, Georgia, is so poor and its officials so stubborn and ignorant. The sum of $6,000, plus whatever else the attorney will receive for his appeal, is small coin for the assurance his work will give us. The defendant could be executed for his crimes. If that should occur, Mr. Plunkett would have proved that Jones received a fair trial, that his execution was not a lynching, and that justice was done.

—John F. McKeown
Canandaigua, NY

Mr. Salzman Replies:

Mr. McKeown has misread and misrepresented the facts of the Johnny Dee Jones murder trial. The $6,000 attorney fee that Mr. McKeown believes is "a very small sum to pay to insure that a man charged with a homicide receives a fair trial" was *not* for Jones's defense. It was the bill for the filing of Georgia's mandatory appeal in death penalty convictions. Mr. Jones's defense fee had been paid the previous year when Lincoln County increased taxes to cover the $125,000 trial.

In the specific sense, Lincoln commissioners protested paying the $6,000 because, under Georgia's Indigent Defense law, they were not allowed to scrutinize the attorney's bill. They could take no action to verify that he had actually worked the claimed 156 billing hours on the appeal. In the larger sense, however, the commissioners' protest should send a warning to courts across the nation. We simply cannot afford to bankrupt jurisdictions over men like Mr. Jones, who three times—once in open court—admitted to cold-blooded murder.

Mr. Jones has since been retried on a change of venue and again been convicted. However, the jury deadlocked in the punishment phase, and Mr. Jones's sentence is now life in prison. He will be eligible for parole in 20 years, at age 47. Lincoln County, meanwhile, in spite of a $68,000 influx of state funds, is again facing a tax increase to pay for the second trial.

In old westerns, the hero was the sheriff who stood up to the lynch mob of his fellow citizens. If we fail to learn the lessons of the Johnny Dee Jones case, the hero may well become the sheriff who takes a coffee break.

LIBERAL ARTS

DEADLY READING

Psychologist David Lester recently studied the effects of women's liberation on suicide by using the per capita circulation of *Ms.* magazine as a measure of liberated attitudes. Using multiple-regression analysis, he found that "the female suicide rate was predicted by the divorce rate and the *Ms.* magazine subscription rate."

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THE BREAKFAST TABLE is the latest battleground in the war against the family. School-based breakfast programs have been tried at the local level for years, and the idea goes back at least as far as the Black Panthers in the 1960's. The big push now is for a national program.

Last year, a federally subsidized breakfast program was tried in selected school districts, and social service advocates want to extend the benefits to *all* schoolchildren nationwide. The objective sounds harmless—helping the indigent to feed their children, insuring that children get nutritionally balanced meals—but in providing meals the government is taking away a vital family function.

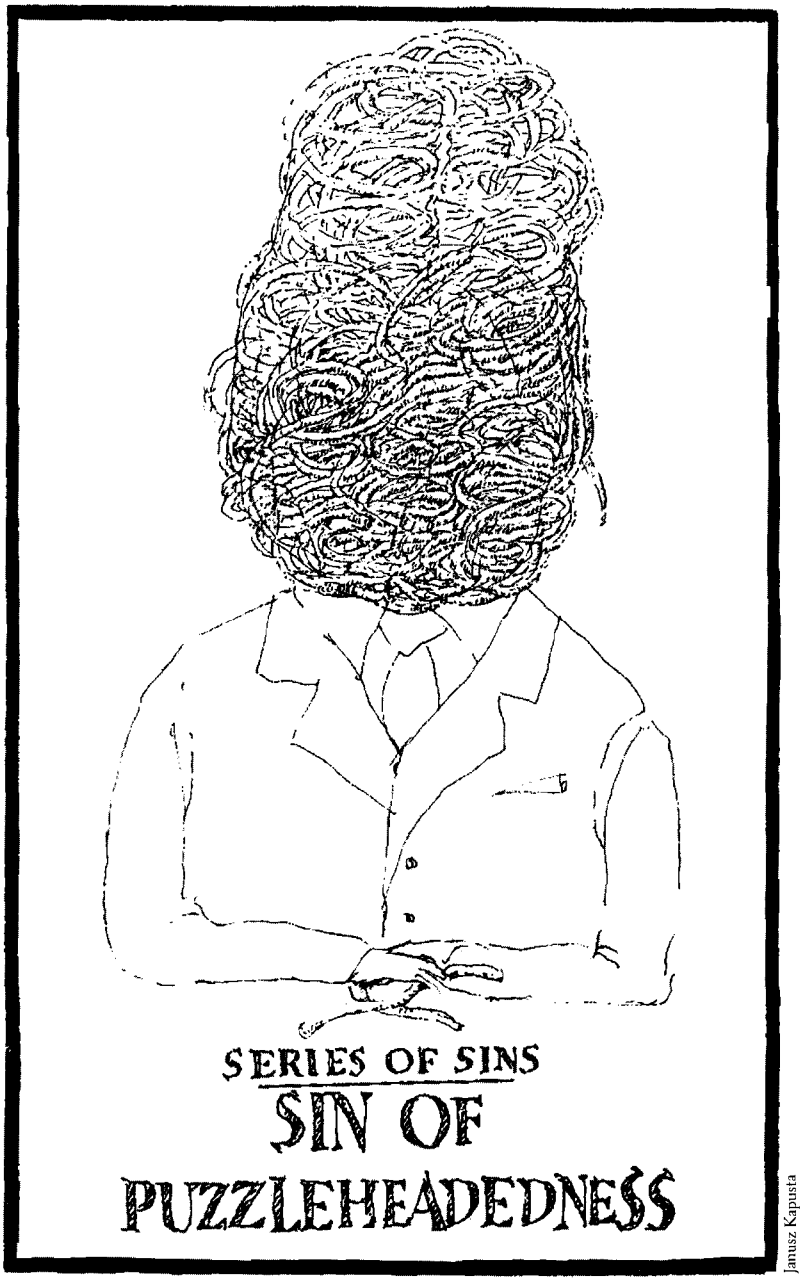
The government already compels families to send their children to schools; for most of us that means public schools, particularly schools that are far enough away from the children's neighborhood to insure racial diversity. Now, government—federal, state, and local—will undertake to provide breakfasts as well. If nutritional equality were the objective, government could give money to parents to buy the meals and trust them to serve the food at home. Instead, it will bypass parents and the home altogether and feed children directly with a standardized ration of whatever food in whatever quantities it considers in "our best interest."

The result is schools that are really surrogate homes. After a school breakfast, school lunch, and a few hours in the classroom studying AIDS, condom use, and Third World literatures, many children even attend a government day-care center in their school's gymnasium or cafeteria. Of course, any students who are pregnant or feeling "depressed" or "abused" need never return home; the school's government counselor will be happy to arrange for both short- and long-term lodging away from the "abusive environment," or even to arrange for an abortion—all at public expense and without the consent and knowledge of the parents.

This is not fantasy, but America 1993. Parents' greatest responsibility today may be to dress their children before turning them over to the state, but even this duty may well go the way of the others. After all, soldiers and prisoners wear government issue, and who else but soldiers and prisoners line up for their morning chow?

—Theodore Pappas

HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS are more and more taken for granted as a given of American life. In October, for example, CNN raised the question of whether homosexual activists were correct in condemning Hollywood's refusal to advance their agenda. Whether filmmakers ought to advance a homosexual agenda is, apparently, not worth discussing. In the world of magazines, the situation is, if anything, worse. The *New Republic*, which used to be the favorite magazine of many conservatives, is now a homosexual rights newsletter that ought to be printed in tabloid form. Each issue now features stories on "gay fiction" and "gay studies." Mr. Andrew Sullivan, in his gushing pieces at the



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back of the magazine, can find nothing more important to talk about than the AIDS quilt and similar topics of universal interest.

William Buckley, who must know better, seems now to grant homosexuals the special rights of a victimized minority. But over the years *National Review* has mercilessly attacked the notion of group rights for anyone. Of course homosexuals have rights, the same rights the rest of us have, as guaranteed by federal and state constitutions and by the traditions of the Common Law. But, qua homosexuals, what rights can they possibly have in a society that has always regarded their practices as unwholesome, unnatural, and contrary to divine ordinance? Will there now be thief rights, cannibal rights, child molester rights? (I hope I am not giving anyone ideas.)

Yes, criminals and perverts do have rights, and where an activity takes place in privacy and between consenting adults, no sensible or well-bred person would want to stick his nose in, especially if one has retained a fine sense of smell. But do these people have a right to intrude their problems into my life, by coming out of the closet or by preaching to my children in school or by flouncing about in military uniforms? The proposed Oregon ordinance, to which Mr. Buckley objects in a column, was directed not against homosexuals themselves but against "gay rights." The main object, so it seemed to most of us, was to prevent teachers and counselors from indoctrinating schoolchildren into a positive view of a perversion that will not only ruin their lives but will condemn them to an early grave.

Most of us find our own way of going to hell, and I hold no brief for the Don Juans, divorcés, drunkards, stock manipulators, and slanderers of my acquaintance. Many of them will be found, no doubt, in lower circles than homosexuals who cling to their particular vice, but sin, in order to prosper, needs no encouragement—as a wise man observed—it needs only to be tolerated. Toleration and persecution are both official acts of a moralizing state. The best that homosexuals can expect from us is to be ignored; all we ask in return is a little discretion.

Any decent and moral person must attempt to resolve the obvious conflict between the sense of humanity and the sense of propriety. The case of John Schlafly, homosexual son of Phyllis Schlafly, is a case in point. To my knowledge, Mr. Schlafly dealt with his own problems in a private and discreet fashion; he invited no attention, made no demands. It was the homosexual activists at *Queer Week* who "outed" him, violating both Mr. Schlafly's privacy as well as the common standards of decency that obtain in the aptly named "straight world." The conclusion of *National Review*'s October 19 editorial on this incident is worth repeating: "The media, though still furious about McCarthyism after all these years, have dropped any qualms they once had about 'outing'. . . . So much for privacy. Not to mention free speech and fair play. 'Outing' is what used to be known as blackmail. And thanks to the 'silent approval' of good liberals, blackmail now hangs over one side in the debate on gay rights."

In the better world of not too many years ago, we knew that vice was vice and sin was sin. We also had the manners and sense not to intrude into other people's private life. If the cheerless gay community now believes that invasions of private life are justified by a higher morality, they are initiating a power struggle they cannot win against the other 95 percent of the human race—even if they should live so long.

—*Thomas Fleming*

RACE-NORMING'S likeliest successor is something called "banding." If you see references to a "diversity-based sliding band," do not expect to encounter something as agreeable as a Dixieland ensemble. No, the term is only a euphemism for the latest subterfuge to scuttle rank-order selection of top scorers on tests for hiring and promotion. It's better, you see, to advance lower-scoring members of politically favored minority groups.

Under banding, employers tap employees from within a narrow band of mediocre scorers—say the 70-to-80 percent correct range—on objective tests of job skills. The band is designated for its demographic correctness. That is, job seekers are clustered within the band in racial/ethnic proportion to the local labor pool. Band selection thus effects the racial quotas mandated in the 1991 Civil Rights Act that President Bush so foolishly signed. As with race-norming (which evaluated blacks and Hispanics against lower standards than whites and Asians), the employer pays a considerable price in decreased worker productivity but supposedly comes off a little better than by simply drawing names out of a hat.

Washington's bigwigs naturally are not cranking out press releases to announce that race-norming's evil heart continues to beat inside banding's bosom. To wit: former New York Mayor Ed Koch's interest was piqued by my article last February in *Chronicles* entitled "Dirty Secrets: Race-Norming Lives On." Mr. Koch (a Democrat who, to his credit, has taken a principled stand against racial quotas) wrote to Secretary of Labor Lynn Martin asking, in essence, "What gives?" She wrote back in the blandest of bureaucratese to say that the Department of Labor had terminated race-norming in compliance with Section 106 of the Civil Rights Act. She even sent him a copy of a Federal Register notice from last December 18 as proof.

What the Secretary said was true enough. (The Federal Register notice was released after the deadline for my article in *Chronicles*.) What she did not explain was why the DOL had dragged its feet for more than a year in halting the race-norming of the General Aptitude Test Battery, administered annually to millions of job seekers. Her predecessor, Elizabeth Dole, had published a notice of suspension of the GATB in July 1990 following disclosure by the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* of the secret race-norming tables. Nor did Martin explain why the DOL dillydallied another two months after Section 106 went into effect before putting out the word to job agencies and employers to stop rigging test scores. (Congressional quotacrats wrote Section 106 into the law after concluding it was pointless to try to defend race-norming. But the rest of the bill essentially requires what was outlawed: that test results be fiddled with or set aside if they produce an "adverse impact" on designated minority groups.)

Nor, finally, did Secretary Martin tell former Mayor Koch about what heats the fevered brows of Washington's civil-rights elite these days: banding, a benign-sounding subterfuge they hope will pass legal muster. No, banding has not yet become official practice (at least as far as is known) at job agencies or at the corporate personnel offices they hector.

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But if a closely watched California court decision is sustained on appeal, racial banders will be beating the drums big-time.

In a 39-page (!) decision, U.S. District Judge Robert Peckham ruled that San Francisco could depart from a merit-based, top-down system of promoting cops to sergeant in favor of hiring instead from within a narrow *band* of lower scorers. The judge noted enthusiastically that banding "decreases adverse impact by creating the possibility that minorities within the band who otherwise would not have been selected, will be promoted." And he breathlessly observed that "the percentage of qualified minority candidates available for promotion will increase the farther down the list the City moves to make its appointments"! Which raises the limbostick question: how looooow will they go? Exactly how far down are egalitarians willing to drive considerations of individual merit—let alone considerations of public health and safety—in pursuit of statistical equality?

Banding's proponents make the audacious claim that the science of probability legitimizes their techniques. Basically, they argue that because tests are not perfect and because individual scores may fluctuate each time a test is administered, there is a range of "statistical comparability" in which lower scorers may be leapfrogged over higher scorers. If scores run from 80 to 90 within a band, a score of 80 is deemed just as good as a score of 90. (That may be true in very specific instances—a test taker had a bad day, say. But averaged over thousands of job applications, higher scores have to be better than lower scores, if the tests are valid. And the *nondiscriminatory* way to go is with the high scorers.)

I'll confess that much of this arcane psychometrics passes over my head, but it is good enough for me that the University of Iowa's Frank Schmidt, one of the nation's foremost testing gurus, has pronounced banding to be just as much a crock as race-norming. It utterly lacks scientific justification, he has written.

Well, you ask, didn't Congress intend Section 106 to bury such pernicious subterfuges as banding along with race-norming? Ha! Who knows what Congress intended, least of all that decrepit institution itself. The San Francisco case is on appeal to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, where judges are again asked to decide what they *think* Congress *thought*.

The city's police association argues that banding is "nothing but a thinly disguised (illegal) quota system." However, the ubiquitous Lawyers Committee for Human Rights shoots back that Section 106 only forbade employers from "adjusting" or "altering" the results of job tests. "Congress in no way intended to bar employers from banding test scores for affirmative action purposes," say these rightsters/shysters. Indeed, they add, scores are not tinkered with at all, and "the proposed banding method is completely blind to race. It does no more than to determine which actual scores are statistically equivalent, thus eliminating the potential for statistical error of measurement." This is an outrageous stretch, given that the bands are selected precisely because of their racial composition.

Finally, then, to the question Ed Koch asked me after receiving his reply from Secretary Martin: "Do you believe that the circle is now closed and that race-norming no longer exists?" Answer: no. Race-norming by any other name is still race-norming. And one of its most perverse results is that strivers and achievers of all races may be bypassed in favor of the mediocre. With diversity-based bands sliding ever southward, no longer will it pay to shoot for excellence.

—Robert C. Holland

HUSBANDS AND WIVES is a slight but charming film, and, had it not been for the inability of the press to distinguish between life and art, it would have opened in the usual eight theaters to reviews that were mildly favorable if not quite ecstatic. *Husbands and Wives* is not a *Shadows and Fog* disaster, but neither is it a *Manhattan* or a *Stardust Memories* triumph. A pleasing, rueful little picture, it suffers from several billion dollars worth of publicity, Woody and Mia having been on more magazine covers in recent months than Elvis, Bigfoot, Fergie, and Di combined. This small bijou is on eight hundred screens, where people will be watching it who don't recognize Benno Schmidt (he has a nice bit part to which he seems better suited than the presidency of Yale) and who can't spot Nora Ephron or Bruce Jay Friedman, who also appear. What they are all hot to see is the breakup, the exchange of nasty words between Mia and Woody that are true and real. As if fictions were false and the only reliable truths were those of correspondence. As if the headlines made clearer the rage, hurt, and self-mocking humor that Allen has been showing us in twenty pictures now.

I suppose there may be people who in museums get off on how ugly Picasso could make this or that wife or mistress in the paintings he did of them just before their separation. (And, indeed, Allen has never before let Farrow look as bedraggled, as dismal, as unattractive as she does in what is presumably her farewell performance in his continuing troupe.) But that is not a useful comparison, because art, and especially high art, is exclusionary and tries to keep the mob at a distance. Movies, in economic as well as historic fact, are a mass art: the more bodies they can get into those seats, the better the producers like it. It is, as Steve Martin says in *The Jerk*, "a profit thing."

But the mass-distribution environment is hardly a proper one for self-conscious expositions of desire and frustration in sexual, social, and artistic terms. Allen's persona, which remains more or less constant through most of his movies, is intimidated by over-achieving intellectual women and drawn to younger, less threatening females of whom he is not frightened but whom he doesn't have quite the nerve to pursue wholeheartedly. In a revealing scene in *Husbands and Wives*, Juliette Lewis, a Columbia student, has the effrontery to criticize a novel by her teacher Gabe Roth (that's Woody), and he calls her a "twenty-year-old twit." But that's precisely what he adores about her—that her criticism is dismissable and therefore not wounding.

The film's main titles run under a mournful rendition of Cole Porter's "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and then the action opens with Roth watching television as a commentator cites Einstein's remark about how God doesn't play dice with the universe, to which Roth answers, "No, he plays hide and seek."

Intelligent, elegant, and attitudinized, *Husbands and Wives* operates at a level of sophistication that is stratospheric in American movie-making. In the theater where I saw the film, the first real laugh came when Mia asks Woody, "Do you ever hide things from me?" Not the

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characters, but the players! As if it were smart to see through the pretence to the real stuff.

Well, sure, there have been all these headlines. But who cares? We are not thinking about inviting these people to dinner. It's a movie. These are movie people, who are generically unreal. Those primitive tribes who refuse to be photographed because the camera will steal their souls may be, after all, correct. Or, to put it in another and more useful way, the reality is up there, on the screen. We have spent enormous amounts of time in the Allen psyche and ought to have some sense of what that bog is like—enough, at least, to suspect that, while the affair with Soon-Yi was likely enough, the charges of molestation of Dylan were without precedent. Allen's characters' weakness has always been for post-pubertal but still quite young women, as in *Manhattan*. Phoebe Hoban's September 21 cover story in *New York* misses this, adducing stray one-liners ("In *Annie Hall*, Allen calls Lyndon Johnson a corrupt politician, 'just a notch below child molesters'") from which she draws the wrong conclusion, for these hardly seem to be endorsements of that kind of behavior.

On television news programs the day before the film's opening, I heard that Mia had fired Dylan's psychologist and rejected the professional's advice that the seven-year-old child might need treatment for tendencies toward fantasy and confabulation. I should prefer that the accusations of child molestation are false, as this announcement allows us to hope. But even if we suppose the very worst, then what? Must we therefore deprive ourselves of Allen's films? Of Schubert's music and Tchaikovsky's, too, for that matter? Chaplin's escapades, political and sexual, do not diminish his miraculous work, and, while Allen's achievement is not quite at that level, he has made a number of fine films to which his present scandal seems irrelevant—even this new movie.

Allen and Juliette Lewis share one kiss. That's it. And the Roths' marriage shatters. Meanwhile, their friends Jack and Sally (Sydney Pollack and Judy Davis) break up, take other lovers, get back together, and seem just fine. Where is the justice to that, or the sense? What are the rules? How can we even begin to guess what to do and how to live?

These are serious questions, and this relatively frothy comedy raises them with some tact and style. My interest in the private lives of the players is virtually nil, but my interest in a work of art is considerable. I am therefore curious to see how this movie will fare and what Allen's next pictures will be, with an audience of the wrong size and full of the wrong expectations looking on—or not even looking but leering. If there is any uncomfortable misalliance here, it is the very old one of art and the mob.

—*David R. Slavitt*

THE SUPREME COURT missed the mark last year in unanimously shooting down a St. Paul, Minnesota, statute imposing criminal liability on those engaged in "hate speech." The problem with the Court's decision in R.A.V. v. *St. Paul* is that it dwelled on legal niceties rather than recognizing the time-tested, historically proven method for dealing with insults, hate speech, and offensive points of view aired loudly in public—dueling.

The Court properly struck down St. Paul's uncommonly misguided ordinance, but it left the door open for more nonsense by addressing the so-called "fighting words" exception to the First Amendment, a concept that first reared its slippery head in a 1942 Supreme Court decision. The Court should not get involved in carving out "fighting words" exceptions that have no textual support in the First Amendment, when dueling is clearly what our Founding Fathers had in mind when they wrote the Constitution. Shorn of years of lawyerly gloss, the First Amendment essentially says you can say whatever you want, and the Second Amendment says everyone can carry a gun. Get it? You can almost see James Madison winking.

In fact, for those who are talented at finding constitutional "rights" in the penumbras, nooks, and crannies of our Constitution, if you look real hard at the cracks in the original document in Philadelphia and stand on your toes, on certain days you can see the Right to Dueling standing just behind the Right to Abortion and the Right to Get Away With Committing a Crime if the Police Don't Read You Your Rights.

However unlikely it may be, the liberal do-gooders in St. Paul and elsewhere who lament R.A.V. v. *St. Paul* as a license to engage in "hate speech" should welcome dueling with open arms, if you'll excuse the pun. The only problem from the liberal perspective is that dueling efficiently solves the hate speech problem without relying on the government middleman and his spangled caravan of blue-ribbon commissions, task forces, advisory committees, and pensioned minions. The perpetually meddling left was quick to support laws that allowed governments and academic administrators to stick their noses in the middle of a citizen's sentences and to sniff around for some vaguely defined level of noxiousness, but without the prospect of some Federal Hate Speech Commission on the horizon you can bet it'll want no part of dueling.

Of course, any dueling law would have some parameters. In determining whether speech is offensive or hateful enough to legally prompt a duel, the law would employ the approach favored by a significant portion of our fuzzy-headed populace on hard social and political issues, paralyzed as they are by subjectivity and the fear of making "value judgments." Simply put, if someone or some group really believes that certain speech is offensive, then the offending speaker can be challenged to a fight to the death. This subjective approach is virtually identical to the mindset of the proponents of hate speech regulations in statehouses and on campuses: if it offends somebody, it can be banned.

That seems fair enough, and for me that makes my definition of hate speech simple. You could stand at the end of the bar and call me a whisky-soaked, shanty Irish, no-good papist Harp donkey, and I wouldn't even look up from my drink. But just try to tell me that wealth redistribution through higher taxes combined with increased federal regulation will solve our social and economic ills, and watch out. For me, them's fightin' words.

—*T. Padraig Higgins*

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by Samuel Francis

In Search of Impulses

Some years ago, there was a series on American television called *In Search Of . . .*, a documentary show that every week embarked upon some intrepid quest "in search of" such titillating arcana as the Loch Ness Monster, Bigfoot, Flying Saucers, tablerapping, and people who turn into giant mushrooms in the dark of the moon. William F. Buckley Jr. probably never watched the series, but it is impossible to think of his most recent book, *In Search of Anti-Semitism*, without being reminded of it, and not only because of the similarity of the titles.

His book, of course, is the hardcover incarnation of the mammoth article that devoured the entirety of the December 30, 1991, issue of *National Review* and a portion of its March 16, 1992, number. "In Search of Anti-Semitism" (the article) was an examination of the "cases" of various individuals who had been accused of anti-Semitism in the recent past—specifically, Joseph Sobran, Mr. Buckley's "close friend" and colleague at *National Review*; the *Dartmouth Review*, an undergraduate magazine; columnist and commentator Patrick J. Buchanan; and novelist Gore Vidal. After winding his way through the published remarks that had instigated the accusations, the accusations themselves, and the defenses offered by the accused and their supporters, Mr. Buckley reached various conclusions and offered sundry meditations of his own in each instance.

All of this would ordinarily have been no more remarkable than the yachting books and spy novels that have consumed most of Mr. Buckley's literary energies in recent years. His exposition of the "facts" in each "case" seems to have consisted largely of reprinting whole columns and articles that had already been published elsewhere. With the exception of long excerpts from a few letters of Mr. Sobran and others that had not been previously available, Mr. Buckley had little new information to impart, and what he did unbosom was not especially enlightening. Moreover, since the controversies as well as some of the controversialists had generally exhausted themselves already, it was not clear why any of these unpleasantries needed to be resurrected.

By a curious conjuncture of events, however, it so happened that Mr. Buckley's article appeared almost immediately after news of Mr. Buchanan's plans to run for President struck the headlines, and it was this conjuncture that created the controversies that ensued. To many of Mr. Buchanan's supporters, it looked as though Mr. Buckley had deliberately attacked him on the very eve of his campaign, and indeed some sources at *National Review* have acknowledged that the publication date of Mr. Buckley's article was moved up to coincide with Mr. Buchanan's announcement. Hence, there was, to say the least, a good deal of bitter feeling toward Mr. Buckley on the part of the Buchananites, as well as, among many conservatives, a general nausea instilled by Mr. Buckley's unwillingness to let the supposititious Loch Ness Monster of anti-Semitism rest in its watery lair.

Mr. Buckley's conclusion as to the "case" of Mr. Buchanan was not that the columnist-turned-candidate was or is an anti-Semite, a term Mr. Buckley never defined, but merely that "I [Mr. Buckley] find it impossible to defend Pat Buchanan against the charge that what he did and said during the period under examination amounted to anti-Semitism, whatever it was that drove him to say and do it: most probably, an iconoclastic temperament." Predictably, Mr. Buckley's conclusions supplied ample ammunition for both neoconservative and Republican as well as left-wing guns aimed at Mr. Buchanan in the primary campaign, and it soon became evident that, whatever his motivations, Mr. Buckley had struck a blow against a major political effort and a major personality of the American right. Mr. Buckley and *National Review* then spent a good part of the primary season last year trying to retreat from, explain, and minimize the damage they had done, even to the point of endorsing Mr. Buchanan's presidential efforts. These maneuvers won them only additional criticism, this time from Mr. Buchanan's enemies among neoconservatives and Jewish liberals. Questions (and more than questions) were raised about Mr. Buckley's own attitudes about Jews, and the *New York Times*' Abe Rosenthal went so far as to say that *National Review* itself "now is wan and pockmarked with the disease" of "moral equivalency" in its view of anti-Semitism. It was clear that Mr. Buckley had blundered, committing perhaps the most serious and harmful mistake of his career.

So much for the background of the original article and the reactions to it, reactions that in retrospect seem inevitable given Mr. Buckley's reckless, poorly defined, and actually evasive invocation of the potentially ruinous offense of anti-Semitism. It is all very well to say, as *National Review* did say some months later during the magazine's bailout operation, that "neither *National Review* nor its Editor-at-Large has expressed the view that Patrick Buchanan is an anti-Semite"; but to live on the difference between an explicit accusation and Mr. Buckley's ambiguous, and somewhat giggly, "I find it impossible to defend," etc., is simply disingenuous, if not outright irresponsible. If Mr. Buchanan is an anti-Semite, Mr. Buckley should have said so. If he is not, then he should have said that. If Mr. Buckley couldn't tell, then either he hadn't done enough research and rumination on the question or else maybe the whole question was not worth pursuing in the first place.

One would have thought that Mr. Buckley's blunder might have taught him something, but evidently it has not, which brings me to my present theme. Turning to the footnote on page 170 of *In Search of Anti-Semitism* (the book), I discover that Mr. Buckley has once again launched a reckless accusation of anti-Semitism. This time his target is me.

Explicitly, Mr. Buckley accuses me of "anti-Semitic impulses" and of exhibiting an "orientation" toward the most banal Judeophobic delusions. The whole footnote, while it does not merit publication at all, needs to be reprinted and considered in some depth:

> A classic example of what anti-Semitic impulses do to a working mind is seen in an editorial pub-

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lished in the March issue of *Chronicles* signed, and presumably written, by Samuel Francis, an erudite journalist associated with the *Washington Times*. He cannot believe (he tells us) that I had anything serious to say about Messrs. Buchanan and Sobran. Could it have been . . . a Jewish plot! "Given the triviality of Mr. Buckley's conclusions, the absence of any compelling evidence to support them, and the staleness of the charges themselves, readers are led ineluctably to an overwhelming question: why did Mr. Buckley choose this particular time to secrete so much mental fluid about this immaterial matter?

"Some light on this may be shed by a 'backgrounder' published by the American Jewish Committee more than a year ago, in November 1990, at the height of the controversy about Mr. Buchanan. The backgrounder's author, Kenneth Stern, wonders what 'we' should do about Mr. Buchanan, and his decision was suggestive. 'Unless he says something Mein Kampfish,' wrote Mr. Stern, 'we should refrain from calling him an anti-Semite. That will only draw attention to him, and bring him defenders. Rather, I suggest we approach other people whom Buchanan's adherents see as equally qualified for the title of "defender of the faith" to write a rebuttal. When it comes to Catholic-Jewish tensions, why not a leader in the church? And when it is an anti-communism based issue . . . why not a non-Jewish conservative?' If Rasputin and Machiavelli had conspired over cocktails, they could not have concocted a more furtive stratagem. The shoe that fits, of course, is Mr. Buckley, a Catholic conservative. Is it too cynical to ask if the American Jewish Committee or someone associated with it manipulated him into launching his insubstantial Scud against Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Sobran?" From there to the *Protocols of Zion* is pretty steep climbing, to be sure, but the orientation is dead on.

It is never easy to reconstruct the illogic by which a faulty conclusion is reached, and Mr. Buckley's reasoning is at best elusive. It seems to consist of the following: a staple theme of anti-Semitic folklore is the claim that there exists a "Jewish plot," sponsored by rabbis, "elders of Zion," bankers, etc., which is responsible for a variety of or all evils that have befallen the West, America, Christianity, "Aryans," etc. I (Francis) suggest and discuss the existence of a "plot" by persons associated with the American Jewish Committee against Mr. Buchanan. Therefore, I am at least encouraging belief in the aforesaid staple of anti-Semitism and may actually credit it myself, and while there is no apparent reason to accuse me of believing in the old hokum of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," I am clearly on the road to doing so and encouraging others to do so.

Now in the first place, if this is an accurate reconstruction of his elliptical argument, Mr. Buckley has committed an elementary logical fallacy in his reasoning, a fallacy so elementary in fact that it has long since been given the name of the "fallacy of the undistributed middle." A classic expression of the fallacy is the syllogism: all leaves are green; my tie is green; therefore, my tie is a leaf. The specific form that Mr. Buckley has used is (a) anti-Semites believe in a "Jewish plot"; (b) Francis believes in a "Jewish plot"; (c) therefore, Francis is an anti-Semite. You don't have to be very erudite to see the flaw, but it seems to have sailed past Mr. Buckley.

Mr. Buckley's error in reasoning is compounded and made more serious, however, by yet another fallacy, namely, that of equivocation—using a term to mean more than one thing in the same argument, the term in question being "Jewish plot." He is correct that belief in a grand Jewish plot is a staple of anti-Semitic mythology and propaganda, and just for the record I will say that I do not believe in such a plot and did not intend to foster belief in one. What I suggested was indeed a plot, but one of rather more mundane dimensions than the "Protocols" and similar literature expound upon. Mr. Buckley seems to be reasoning that anyone who suggests that any Jews engage in any plots is conceptually indistinguishable from, or at least on the road to becoming, someone who credits the far more grandiose versions of conspiratorialism favored by anti-Semites. By his logic, anyone who accused Julius and Ethel Rosenberg of plotting to give secrets to the Soviets, anyone who accused the late Meyer Lansky of plotting with Bugsy Siegel to commit crimes, anyone who accused Jonathan Pollard of plotting with his Israeli handlers to commit espionage—anyone who suggests that such so-called "Jewish plots" exist is an anti-Semite, even though such plots are "Jewish" only in the sense that some Jews engage in them and not in the more expansive and sinister sense that such plots may be attributed to the generality of Jews.

But of course there is just a little bit of difference between using the concept of a "Jewish plot" as an ideological device to inculpate all or most Jews, on the one hand, and, on the other, citing specific empirical evidence that a particular plot by particular Jews exists. The one implies that all or most Jews or their representative leaders are involved in conspiracy; the other offers evidence that some Jews are involved in a specific conspiracy. Mr. Buckley has elided the two concepts and condensed their separate meanings with his single phrase, "Jewish plot."

Let it be noted also that I never used the expression "Jewish plot" in the editorial in question; that usage is Mr. Buckley's, and I believe it would have been an inappropriate expression to use, given the false and sinister associations the expression has. Nevertheless, if, at Mr. Buckley's behest, we are going to call Mr. Stern's proposal a "Jewish plot," then there is little question that it existed, at least in the sense that no one has challenged the authenticity of the American Jewish Committee's backgrounder. The question, then, is not, did a "Jewish plot" (Mr. Buckley's term) exist, but rather was I correct in suggesting that Mr. Buckley was part of it? I simply don't know; I didn't know when I wrote the editorial, and I still don't know even now that Mr. Buckley has discussed it. The reader of Mr. Buckley's footnote (presumably written by Mr. Buckley) will note that he does not deny it, as I deny believing in or trying to foster the myth of a Jewish conspiracy. I am prepared to assume that Mr. Buckley is an honorable man, and if he does deny it, I have no problem believing him. But he has not done so. Will he deny that he was either consciously part of an American Jewish Committee plan to discredit Pat Buchanan or that he was ma-

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nipulated into being an unconscious tool of such a plan?

Finally, we come to my supposed "anti-Semitic impulses," which is actually where Mr. Buckley started out. Since I have met Mr. Buckley only briefly and have never discussed with him Jews, anti-Semitism, "Jewish plots," or related matters, and since I almost never write on such subjects, I do not see how Mr. Buckley could possibly know what "impulses" related to them, if any, bubble through my nervous system, unless he has inferred such "impulses" simply from the editorial in question through the fallacious reasoning discussed above. My impulse, in fact, is to suspect that Mr. Buckley, his vanity wounded by my dismissal of his article, is simply bent on vengeance. My impulse is to believe that the clue to his attempt to smear me with "anti-Semitism" is betrayed in his phrase that "he [*i.e.*, I] cannot believe . . . that I [*i.e.*, Mr. Buckley] had anything serious to say," and only one who harbors "anti-Semitic impulses" would confess his inability to believe that William F. Buckley Jr. "had anything serious to say" on the subject of anti-Semitism. My impulse to think so is invigorated by the fact that last spring, as a guest at an editorial luncheon at the *Washington Times*, in my absence but in the presence of my editors and colleagues, Mr. Buckley chose to insinuate a similar accusation of anti-Semitism against me, presumably but unsuccessfully intended to harm me professionally. My impulse, in short, is to believe that his reckless accusation of anti-Semitism against me is simply malicious. I guess the editorial got to him a little.

Mr. Buckley's footnote "exposing" my "anti-Semitic impulses" is all of a piece with the regular smear tactics of the neoconservatives with whom he now keeps company, just as it is all of a piece with his flawed and sly attack on Mr. Sobran and Mr. Buchanan and, more ominously, with his general desertion of any serious conservatism in the last several years. In that period he has supported the Panama Canal treaties against the opposition of Ronald Reagan, advocated the legalization of marijuana and of drugs in general, endorsed the legalization of prostitution, published a book in support of national service, promoted federal gun control through the so-called "Brady Bill," endorsed "civil rights" for homosexuals, and most recently opposed a proposal in Oregon to forbid the state government from promoting homosexuality. Many on the American right may agree with one or another of Mr. Buckley's positions on these issues, but there is no doubt that the vast majority of American conservatives would disagree with him strongly on all of them.

I do not say this in criticism of Mr. Buckley, because the whole concept of "conservatism" in America today is virtually devoid of meaning, in large part because conservatives made the seminal error of allowing dilettantes like Mr. Buckley to define it for them in the first place. I say it simply to point out that Mr. Buckley's posturings about anti-Semitism are entirely consistent with the posturing he affects on so many other matters and to suggest that whatever "impulses" may motivate him, they are not what anyone who still regards himself as a serious conservative should pay any further attention to. Let him pose and preen in public all he wants in search of an answer to the burning question of whether his "close friends," as well as people he has barely met, are or are not anti-Semites in whatever recondite sense he wishes to deduce. Most of the rest of us have better things to do.

c

LIBERAL ARTS

MOTHER'S ABUSIVE FRIEND

In a recent study at the University of Iowa, researcher Leslie Margolin found that "although mother's boyfriends perform relatively little child care, they are responsible for substantially more child abuse than other nonparental caregivers." Almost half (47 percent) of all reported nonparental abuse was committed by mother's boyfriends, even though the boyfriends provided less than 2 percent of nonparental child care.

Margolin notes that these boyfriends typically commit abuse in a setting already known to expose children to risk—the single-parent household: "Several characteristics of single-parent families have a well-documented relationship to child abuse." The study indicates that 84 percent of the nonparental abuse analyzed occurred in single-parent homes and that the preponderance of nonparental abuse in single-parent households (64 percent) was committed by mother's boyfriends. The next most common nonparental abusers in single-parent homes were daycare providers and adolescent babysitters, who committed only 15 percent of the reported abuse in this setting.

Margolin concludes that "mother's boyfriends committed 27 times more child abuse than their hours in child care would lead us to predict" and that "a young child left alone with a mother's boyfriend experiences substantially elevated risk of physical abuse." In explaining her findings, Margolin notes "the absence of genetic relationship" between the abusive boyfriends and the children and the lack of "legitimacy" of the boyfriend's role in the mother's household.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Uncle Sam's Child

by Allan Carlson

The recent election season opened with hopes high for an intelligent debate of family issues. The 1991 *Final Report* of the National Commission on Children (on which I served) seemed to have broken the moral and political logjams that had long prevented this dialogue. The commissioners had decided, after extensive argument, to avoid the mistake of earlier children's commissions, which had treated children as an independent constituency group needing its own government services. Instead, we agreed to focus on children in families and to find ways to strengthen the latter. On the great question of "whose children are they?" the official answer, at least, would be: they belong to their parents, not to the government.

Affirmed by a unanimous, bipartisan vote, the report emphasized that children's well-being depends primarily on the status of their fathers and mothers and that a stable marital union of self-sufficient adults is the superior setting in which to raise children. The report gave notice to the negative effects of government intervention on families and focused on the dramatic shift of the income and payroll tax burdens onto the backs of families. Its primary recommendation was a tax-cut for families raising children, to be achieved through a new $1,000 per child tax credit. Given these dominant themes, the more traditionalist members of the panel took a certain pride in winning over the support of liberal members like Jay Rockefeller, Bill Clinton, and Marian Wright Edelman.

But the achievement was short-lived. Already on the day of the final vote, the Darman-Bush White House was frantically working to sabotage the report, worried that the endorsement of a tax-cut by Republican appointees to the commission would somehow upset the hallowed "budget agreement" with Congress. Soon after, the presidential electoral debate veered back to distorted themes of the past. Mr. Quayle opened with the stale Republican canard that the "media elite" of Hollywood is the cause of family miseries, a variation of neoconservative "new class" theory. Ignoring the facts, Mr. Bush then traced the family's breakdown to the Great Society programs of the 1960's (another staple neoconservative theme). He also transformed "family values" into a metaphor for gay-bashing, the 1992 version of "San Francisco Democrats," used to good effect four years earlier. Mr. Clinton responded with a sterile defense of single-motherhood as a lifestyle choice and an open embrace of "gay rights." His wife, meanwhile, defended her advocacy of children's rights and of enhanced state intervention in families.

It may be, though, that this deterioration of the 1992 "family values" debate derived from a deeper weakness in liberal democratic theory. Since Thomas Hobbes first laid out the ideological premises for a society based on the status and rights of the individual, the family has had a tenuous foundation in Western political theory. For Hobbes, family relations were simply an exercise in power, where selfish parents claimed "dominion over the infant" by their superior size and strength. Recoiling from this brutal frankness, John Locke tried to put a human face on the Hobbesian scheme. He carved out "a sort of rule or jurisdiction" for parents over children, and he found in childrearing a practical justification for marriage. Yet the emancipation of the young should occur early on, he continued, and the marriage, its function gone, should "dissolve itself." John Stuart Mill was less positive. In his famed essay on women's rights, he called the family system of his day oppressive, the seedbed of despotism, and the source of human misery, "which swells to something appalling."

Relative to family life, the genius of the American Constitution of 1787 lay in its avoidance of ideology and its devotion to authentic federal principle. Family issues of marriage, divorce, children, inheritance, education, mutual support, and welfare were not questions for the new federal government. These were questions reserved to the states, where Christian

Allan Carlson is the president of The Rockford Institute and the publisher of Chronicles.

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conceptions of patriarchy, charity, and shared obligation and Common Law understandings of family and community governance could, and did, hold sway.

Like so much else in our constitutional system, this view of the family began to falter during the Jacksonian period. The first juvenile reformatory in the United States, the New York House of Refuge, opened its doors in 1825. With delegated police powers allowing it to institutionalize children virtually at will, the House of Refuge blurred distinctions between poor, neglected, and delinquent children. The needed legal underpinning for a full-blooded reform school "movement" came from Pennsylvania. In 1839, that state's Supreme Court ruled that the Philadelphia House of Refuge could incarcerate a girl over her parents' objections and without formal legal proceedings. The Court based its decision on a new legal principle: *parens patriae*, or "the parenthood of the state." Under England's chancery laws, *parens patriae* had allowed the Crown to assume a parental role to protect the estates of wealthy orphans. But the Pennsylvania Court expropriated the term to justify the termination of parental rights, reasoning: "May not the natural parents, when unequal to the task of education or unworthy of it, be supplanted by the *parens patriae*, or common guardianship of the community?"

Buoyed by this denial of both the Common Law and the natural rights of parents, the Child Saving movement gained momentum. The Child Savers soon linked up with the budding social work profession and the progressive spirit, and together they all spawned the juvenile justice system. "Parents could no longer shield themselves behind *natural* rights," one early enthusiast said. Without a formal hearing or other consideration of due process, hundreds of thousands of American children would be seized by the Child Savers and incarcerated in reform or "industrial" schools, all for "the welfare of the child," a lone actor in an individualistic world.

The state courts soon elevated *parens patriae* into a doctrine superior to any constitution, conferring sweeping powers. As the Illinois Supreme Court reasoned in 1882:

> It is the unquestioned right and imperative duty of every enlightened government, in its character of *parens patriae*, to protect and provide for the comfort and well-being of such of its citizens as, by reason of *infancy, defective understanding, or other misfortune or infirmity*, are unable to take care of themselves. The performance of this duty is justly regarded as one of the most important of governmental functions, *and all constitutional limitations must be so understood and construed so as not to interfere with its proper and legitimate exercise* [emphasis added].

So energized, the concept quickly spread beyond the "child protection" arena. The late 19th-century proponents of mandatory state schooling, for example, ridiculed attention to "the sacred rights and personal privileges" of parents. Court decisions on mandatory attendance laws ruled that the principle of *parens patriae* took precedence over the rights of parents.

But *parens patriae* demanded still more. Franklin D. Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security, in its 1935 report, recommended creation of a comprehensive Social Security Act, to replace the support once offered by "children, friends, and relatives." Congress concurred. In its 1937 decision declaring the Social Security Act constitutional, the U. S. Supreme Court turned to the parental state ideal for justification: "The *parens patriae* has many reasons—fiscal and economic as well as social and moral—for planning to mitigate disasters that bring these burdens in their train." Government had an obligation to plan and care for its children.

Indeed, the progressive spirit viewed the natural or biological family as the residue of another age. As a leading social historian from the period put it, "American history consummates the disappearance of the wider familism and the substitution of the parentalism of society." Prominent sociologists, such as William Ogburn and Ernest Groves, documented the "deinstitutionalization" and "disorganization" of the family, as it passed virtually all of its function over to state and charitable authorities, experts better able to manage children and give meaning to adults. At Herbert Hoover's 1930 White House Conference on Children, one leading participant called for recognition of an emerging new being: "Uncle Sam's Child," an entity "who belongs to the community almost as much as to the family," a "new racial experiment," and a citizen of "a world predestinedly moving toward unity." These human experiments in utopian democracy had been liberated from the disabling ties of the prescientific, predemocratic age and had become malleable agents for the better world order to come.

The full impact of the Parenting State was delayed, though, by Depression and war, followed by the strangest of developments—"The 50's." For a remarkable 15 years, 1946-1961, the utopian dreams of social engineers for a "familial state" were put on hold. Families appeared to grow stronger and more independent, as GIs and their brides poured into the mushrooming Levittowns of what Henry Luce called "a new America." The divorce rate went down and the birthrate soared, while the Child Savers beat a retreat. Sociologist Talcott Parsons saw the baby boom and the sprawling new suburbs as signs of the "upgrading" of the American family. The "household engineer" bonded to "the organization man" in a "companionate marriage" focused on "personality adjustment" became the new model, one celebrated and reinforced by Luce, Walt Disney, Ozzie Nelson, and other imagemakers from the era. Indeed, neoconservative theory later elevated this time-dependent family system into the "traditional family" of modern lore, over which political battles in the 1990's are still being fought.

In truth, the family system of the 50's was fragile, transitory, and incapable of being reproduced. The peculiar psychology and economics of postwar America, combined with distinctive anticommunist and antistatist fervors, had checked for a time the ambitions of *parens patriae*. But its agents and sustaining laws were still in place. The Child Savers simply refocused, for a decade or so, on "the scourge of juvenile delinquency," with James Dean unwittingly providing them with the perfect cover. Rapid public school growth to accommodate the baby boomers preoccupied education officials, while Social Security became a tame, and seemingly cheap, presence in American life.

This halcyon age collapsed in the 1960's, though, as it had to at some point, and the old trends and their parasitical "professions" came roaring back. Marriage rates tumbled while divorce rates soared. Illegitimacy spread rapidly among white Americans (it was already common among blacks), while marital fertility collapsed. The "sexual revolution" came out from

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under the covers, where it had been heating up since the American libido was drafted in 1942, to do battle with the arthritic and thinning legions of Christian decency. The family itself fell into disrepute, pummeled by neo-Malthusians, neofeminists, neo-Marxists, and neopagans alike.

Healthy American families are subjected to the real abuse of state investigations into their structure and character, a special kind of terror unique to the sentimental totalitarianism of late 20th-century America.

Sensing their opportunity, the Child Savers returned. In 1962, several clever advocates coined the phrase "battered child syndrome." Soon *Life*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other bored organs of the 50's synthesis began thumping the drums with articles like "Parents Who Beat Children" and "Cry Rises From Beaten Babies." The emerging late 20th-century American mind, awash in sensation and cheap sentiment, lurched to the proffered solution. Between 1963 and 1967, all 50 states adopted "reporting laws," requiring doctors, teachers, and social workers to report suspected cases of child abuse. Like Child Saving tools of the past, these laws essentially denied the existence of natural parental rights and the Common Law. Accused parents faced a presumption of guilt (often involving seizure of their children) until they could prove their innocence. Other ancient legal protections—including the husband-wife privilege—were scrapped, in service to a great new crusade.

In fact, in the very year when this new "crisis" took form, fewer than 5,000 cases of physically abused children could be counted nationwide. By 1968, the number was still only 6,617. Yet a kind of inflation, in social statistics as well as money, soon occurred. By 1981, the official number reached 85,000; by 1986, 250,000; and today, over one million.

To believe the Child Savers, Americans are now battering their children at a level unprecedented in human history. On the one hand, the actual incidence of serious physical and sexual abuse probably is rising. However, this appears to be a consequence of the already shattered domestic order. A rapidly growing number of children are living in homes where the natural father is absent, due to illegitimacy, abandonment, or divorce. Many of these households also contain "live-in" boyfriends, who tend to behave in brutal fashion toward children of the earlier male.

On the other hand, the Child Saving crusade has relentlessly aimed its machinery at intact families. Spurred on by twisted feminist theories of patriarchal oppression, state agents have whipped up public hysteria, generating over one million *false* accusations of abuse each year. Healthy American families are subjected to the real abuse of state investigations into their structure and character, a special kind of terror unique to the sentimental totalitarianism of late 20th-century America.

State schools serve as the primary instruments of scrutiny and indoctrination. From the earliest grades, children are taught by public officials to be suspicious of their parents' touches and told how to register complaints over parents' actions with public officials. Federally funded School-Based Multi-Disciplinary Teams enter schools to ferret out "abusing families." These cadres of social workers and psychologists have the power to examine a family's source of income, history, living conditions, attitudes, self-image, spousal relations, impulse control, and degree of community involvement. Those falling short of federal standards face therapy, loss of children, and formal criminal charges.

Indeed, it is primarily through the state's schools that *parens patriae* continues its drive to displace the autonomous family. As Princeton sociologist Norman Ryder has conclusively shown, government schools serve as the prime instrument for communicating a "state morality" and a "state mythology" designed to subvert the bonds and sense of continuity of each family. "Families" are allowed to exist only as they become agents of the state, dutifully providing room and board to the state's children.

G. K. Chesterton explained, decades ago, what was at stake here. "The ideal for which the family stands . . . is liberty," he wrote. "It is the only . . . institution that is at once necessary and voluntary. It is the only check on the state that is bound to renew itself as eternally as the state, and more naturally than the state."

For the 1990's, the most important front in the ongoing contest between the liberal state and the family may be "homeschooling." Embracing but a handful of children thirty years ago, homeschools now educate at least a half-million children; the actual number is probably over a million, and growing. These families have pulled their children out of state schools, seeking to defend the integrity of their distinctive history and moral message from the leveling impulses of the state. At the same time, these families act on the instinctive knowledge that their existence as autonomous entities requires a reclaiming of powers and functions from *parens patriae*. This "refunctionalization," in turn, changes the family's nature, often restoring the sense of "household" and economic community lost decades ago.

Not surprisingly, *parens patriae* has turned its full fury on these latter-day rebels. Authorities in many states have mobilized neglect and abuse laws alongside truancy laws to harass or imprison parents and to force their children back into the government's schools. Yet the number of dissenters continues to grow, forming a new kind of underground movement against the overweening ambitions of the parental state.

The reconstruction of family life in America cannot be based on the "companionate" model of the 1950's, as the neoconservative dream would have it. This "traditional family" represented no more than a brief pause, inherently unstable, in the transfer of power and authority from the autonomous family of the 19th century to the triumphant *parens patriae* of the 20th. More certainly, the current liberal dream of public daycare and expanded "family services" represents a plan for the final destruction of the state's only real rival. Instead, the survival of the American family depends on those families able and ready to reclaim the functions and the powers, such as education, that are naturally theirs. The critical battles will be fought in hamlets and cities throughout the land, as individuals wake up and shake off their shackles, rediscovering that their liberty, like the liberty of their neighbors, rests on their covenants of marriage and parenthood. c

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THE YEAR IN REVIEW

The Coming Wrath—January 1992—Samuel Francis on James Burnham and the managerial revolution, Andrei Navrozov on democracy and dictatorship, Tomislav Sunic on the future of nationalism, and Harold O.J. Brown on the prophecies of Pitirim Sorokin. Plus Chilton Williamson, Jr. on Deep Ecology, William Grigg on the case against the Boy Scouts, and Anne Marie Morgan on the bureaucracy of getting married.

Bread and Circuses: The Politics of Welfare—February 1992—Allan Carlson on how federal housing policies have contributed to the breakup of the family, William Murchison on the doctor and the state, and Christina F. Jeffrey on Social Security as family policy. Plus Barbara McCarthy on welfare and illegal immigration, and Jeffrey Tucker on Housing and Urban Development.

Faces of Eve: Goddess, Starlet, Poetess—March 1992—Janet Scott Barlow on the devolution of women on the screen, Thomas Fleming on marriage as the real right to privacy, and R.S. Gwynn on American women poets. Plus Betsy Clarke on the politics of rape, Anne Marie Morgan on the new technology of fertility control, and Kenneth Craycraft on Mary Ann Glendon's *Rights Talk*.

The Spanish Americas—April 1992—Richard Estrada on the Hispanic contributions to American culture, Mario Vargas Llosa on the difficult rise of the Latin American novel, Chilton Williamson, Jr. on bullfighting in Juárez, Mexico, and poems by Jorge Luis Borges. Plus Brad Linaweaver on Albert Jay Nock, William Murchison on LBJ, and Murray Rothbard on violence in New York City.

Law and Order: Crime and Punishment—May 1992—Thomas Fleming on the role of the executioner, Philip Jenkins on the drug war and personal liberties, Graeme Newman on the case for corporal punishment, and Theodore Pappas on vigilante justice. Plus Murray Rothbard on street crime, Llewellyn Rockwell on vagrancy law, Richard Irving on taxi drivers and minority crime, and a firsthand account of life in prison.

Restoring the Republic—June 1992—Clyde Wilson on the republican approach, Samuel Francis on the nationalist approach, and E. Christian Kopff on the Augustan compromise. Plus Thomas Fleming on why we have the government we deserve, Theodore Pappas on Japanese-American trade, Chilton Williamson, Jr. on illegal immigration, and Murray Rothbard on repudiating the national debt.

Citizenship—July 1992—John Lukacs on patriotism, Richard D. Lamm on why great nations need great citizens, Richard Flathman on four models of citizenship, and Peter Schuck and Rogers Smith on why citizenship should be based on consent and not birth. Plus Thomas Fleming on the rebirth of nationalism, and Samuel Francis on the Buchanan Revolution.

Reactionary Modernism—August 1992— Thomas Molnar on Céline and French reactionary modernism, Peter J. Stanlis on Robert Frost, J.O. Tate on Wyndham Lewis, and Larry Woiwode on Dos Passos. Plus David R. Slavitt on the novels of 1991, Justin Raimondo on Ayn Rand as plagiarist, Bill Kauffman on Sinclair Lewis, and Chilton Williamson, Jr.'s review of R. Emmett Tyrrell's *The Conservative Crack-Up*.

Rotten to the Core: American Colleges—September 1992—Thomas Fleming on literature and the curriculum debate, Robert Weissberg on the life of a campus conservative, E. Christian Kopff on a true classical curriculum, and student reports on political correctness at the University of Florida, Grinnell College, and Georgetown University. Plus Laura Rogers' exposé of the Parents as Teachers program.

1492: Italians and America—October 1992—Christie Davies on blaming Columbus, E. Christian Kopff on Margaret Fuller in Rome, Chilton Williamson, Jr. on pseudoscholarship about Columbus, and Samuel Francis on *The Godfather* as political metaphor. Plus Thomas Fleming on the changing frontier, David R. Slavitt on Lorenzo Da Ponte, and Thomas O. Jones on Columbus' descendants.

Ain't Freedom Grand: The 1992 Election—November 1992—Donald Warren on the empty voting booth, William J. Quirk on the unrepresented middle class, Thomas Fleming on the Electoral College, James S. Fishkin on deliberative polling, and Samuel Francis on the passivity of the electorate. Plus Allan Carlson on proportional representation, and Theodore Pappas on Martin Luther King, Jr.'s early plagiarisms.

Ten Commandments—December 1992—A round-table discussion on the Decalogue—by Thomas Molnar, Gary North, Frank W. Brownlow, Allan Carlson, Jacob Neusner, Theodore Pappas, Murray Rothbard, E. Christian Kopff, Harold O.J. Brown, and George Garrett. Plus Philip Jenkins on the panic over priestly pedophilia, Sally Wright on Malcolm Muggeridge, and William Wilson on C.S. Lewis.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Uncommon Properties

by Thomas Fleming

Pick up any newspaper at random, and you will come upon story after story of children being murdered, beaten, and molested. I begin this chapter on Monday, October 19, 1992, and looking over the *Chicago Tribune* I discover: a frontpage story on Chicago schoolchildren venting their grief over the murder of their friends, a headline story on the mayor's plan to curb violence in response to the shooting of a first-grade child, and an article on a 15-year-old killed for the sake of his jacket. On some pages, the lead tells the whole story: "Ex-foster parent aide held in handicapped son's death"; "Victims of sexual abuse by clergy seek strength and answers at conference."

This is only one paper on one day, and the cumulative effect of reading such stories over the course of a decade is a general impression that children are being victimized and that something must be done about it. If newspapers are, by their very nature, pornographic in arousing passions for strangers, then the readers of newspapers and the watchers of news programs are slowly becoming addicted to a sympathy for other people's children conceived of as helpless and innocent creatures at the mercy of malevolent parents, teachers, and clergymen.

The most obvious question, one that is asked by many people, is *why*? Why are so many children—many more, apparently, than in previous generations—abused by the very people who are supposed to care for them? Without being either facetious or offensive, we ought to be asking the opposite question: why are so *few* children killed or abused, in any age of the world?

The existence of children is, viewed from nearly any angle, miraculous. That sensible men and women should consent to have them in the first place is strange enough, even if procreation and birth have been most often the accidental result of ignorance and carelessness. But the real and persistent miracle is the parents' refusal—or failure—to terminate these drains upon their time, resources, and tempers. "One cannot love lumps of flesh," declared a physician of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance, "and little children are nothing more." Most grown-ups will admit, in their candid moments, that other people's children are intolerable.

The poet Philip Larkin was hardly unique in breathing a sigh of relief upon escaping the trammels of childhood:

> Until I began to meet grown-ups on more or less equal terms I fancied myself a kind of Ishmael. The realization that it was not people I disliked but children was for me one of those celebrated moments of revelation. . . . The knowledge that I should never (except by deliberate act of folly) get mixed up with them again more than compensated for having to start earning a living.

Much has been written on our "natural affection" for our own children, but if we equate the natural with the rational—as so many philosophers do—then nothing could be less natural than to develop an affection for the little ticks that swell up at our expense, battening upon their mother's milk and their father's sweat.

For women, there is some excuse. Childbirth can be, I am told, an unpleasant and painful experience, but its pangs do bring relief from the misery of pregnancy. Besides, for nine months the mother has grown accustomed to carrying the parasite within her belly, and she can hardly help developing a grudging acceptance of whatever it might turn into. The mother of my (or rather, our) four children was determined to have a girl the first time out, and when I told her it was a boy, she looked at first confused, then curious, and said with a sigh, "Oh . . . well, I might as well have a look at it." After examining the squalid mess for less than a minute, she decided this "lump of flesh" would do, after all.

Mothers are at a distinct advantage in learning to bear the sight, sound, and smell of their newborn offspring. Provi-

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles.

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dence has bathed their brain tissues and nerve cells with the natural equivalent of happy dust for months, and the act of nursing triggers a maternal response that many women describe as erotic. By the time the moon-tide of hormones has subsided, returning their minds to a normal state of human indifference, a habit of care and affection has been so ingrained that no threat or temptation, ordinarily, can induce them to part with the little savage, and within a year or two a surprising number of women begin to think so warmly of the experience that they are willing to go through the whole thing a second time.

For men it is harder to construct a rational justification for parenthood. Most sensible men are willing to confess, when they are alone at the club or watching a game in the neighborhood saloon, that they do not much care for any children but their own. If they are good fathers—by which I mean stern and exacting—their children have occasion to wonder if dad has made an exception in their case. I once spent several years minding a hundred other people's children, and my experience as headmaster left me with the permanent habit of correcting and admonishing the liberated brats who plague our supermarkets and movie theaters. However, as my own children have reached the years of indiscretion, I grow less confident of my own abilities in this line.

A man's only excuse is his pardonable—though morally dangerous—desire for immortality. Since our expulsion from Eden, sex and death have been the twin poles of human existence. It is a condition we share with our neighbors on the *scala naturae*; as sexual beings, each guppie, snail, or *Homo sapiens* is incomplete in itself—as Plato recognized long ago in the *Symposium*—and in order to enjoy the benefits of genetic diversification, we have had to sacrifice our chance for individual immortality on the biological plane.

We derive real advantages from the swap. Sexual reproduction enables individuals to carry traits that may be of no use to them but may turn out to have great survival value for their descendants; it also helps to make possible all those little variations which, when summed up, result in higher complexity. While we might envy the amoeba its infinitely subdivided immortality, our own social life, to say nothing of our cultural variety, is somewhat richer.

Since the day of our "general mother" and our adjutant father, the human story has been one long *liebestod* punctuated by christenings, weddings, and funerals. But man is by nature a conservative creature, and our nostalgia extends not merely to the lost innocence of our savage and agrarian ancestors but even further to the forsaken immortality of one-celled organisms. Children are, in this sense, the highly inexpedient remedy we have devised to numb the pangs of death, although more than one parent has concluded that our ancestors made a bad bargain.

The obligation to care for one's children is a universal human norm, if we are willing to leave out of consideration the instances of pathological individuals and the few cases of pathological social classes and societies that have been degraded by the excesses of either poverty or wealth. Infanticide of newborns is not unattested, but the custom—where it is legitimate—has generally been directed against defective or superfluous children who strain the family's carrying capacity. Motives for infanticide, obviously, vary from individual to individual, but the ancient Greeks (to take only the most familiar example) did not display their contempt for children and family by exposing a child. Quite the contrary, it was, as W. K. Lacey puts it in *The Greek Family*, their concern for the "needs of the *oikos* [household]" that "dictated the size of the family."

Religious and philosophical literature on moral obligation within families has emphasized the duties of children more often than the obligations of parents. "Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" (Exodus 20:12) is a commandment to which there is no corresponding admonition of the type "Take care of thy children." A cursory review of the Christian Scriptures and the Greek classics would result in a similar observation.

There are various reasons for this lack of proportion. As a matter of fact, moral exhortation is quite properly directed toward the unformed young, whose moral development—so it was believed—must be spurred and curbed by maxims, threats, and blows. Since children are universally regarded as family property, there is scarcely any need to instruct parents in their obligation to take care of the persons who will provide for their old age and perpetuate their identities. It is no surprise to discover, therefore, that the classic handbooks on childrearing—from Erasmus to Dr. Spock—are devoted to the best measures for insuring the physical and moral health of the child. They waste little time on admonishing parents not to kill, injure, or seduce their children.

The early Greeks, who took parental responsibilities for granted, regarded the parent-child relationship as reciprocal, since these roles would be reversed when the child, grown into an adult, would take care of his aged parents. The witch Medea, as she contemplates murdering her own children, realizes that there will be no one to take care of her in old age, and Hesiod, in prophesying a nightmarish future for the iron race of men, can think of nothing more terrible than familial discord:

> And father will not accord with sons nor friend with friend,
> nor will a brother be dear as in times past.
> And men will not honor their parents, coming swiftly to old age,
> And they will reproach them, abusing them with harsh words,
> Wretches, that they are, and without fear of divine vengeance,
> nor will they repay their aged parents the price of their rearing.

Wherever parents regard their offspring as a retirement plan, a contribution to the household economy, and an investment into immortality, the murder or abuse of children ought to be a rare phenomenon. Under ordinary circumstances a man does not destroy his tools, set money on fire, or abuse his draft animals, whatever he may think of work, paper money, or horses. And when natural affections—for irrational as they are, love of our own children is a natural and biological mechanism for insuring survival and propagation—when these natural affections are added to practical considerations, we are justified in asking what all these horror stories mean.

It is possible to argue that human beings have always mistreated their children. According to a much-quoted sentence

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of Lloyd de Mause, "the history of childhood is a nightmare from which we have only recently begun to awaken." It is a catchy phrase, but its author is little better than a propagandist who pretended to survey the evidence of classical antiquity without knowing either Latin or Greek and without possessing any of the equipment that might have justified him in making such a generalization. I dwell on this point, because this sentence is so often introduced into debate as if it were the last word of scholarship instead of the slogan of a pamphleteer, and because one could fill up pages by giving references to sound scholarship that gives a different picture.

The real problem, as it turns out, is not the degeneracy of natural parents but broken families and illegitimacy, which expose children to the dangers of sexual molestation.

One American historian who has looked into the history of children is John Demos, anything but a conservative, and he has concluded that widespread abuse of children is a recent phenomenon and the result of social dissolution, not patriarchal power. This generalization accords both with legal records and with oral traditions within families.

The question of incest can be used to illustrate the entire question. There are societies, Ptolemaic Egypt for example, in which incest between siblings, or half-siblings, was encouraged among members of the political class, but sexual relations between parents and children are so infrequent as to be statistically insignificant. This is what we should expect, since sex within the family is not only psychologically and socially dysfunctional; it even violates the basic purpose of sexuality—genetic diversity. Incest is unnatural, and even premoral lower primates have social mechanisms for avoiding it.

If you read the popular press, however, it is hard not to conclude that the old *Playboy* joke about "the game the whole family can play" has come true. In fact, while it may be safe to assume that instances of all pathological behavior are increasing in a world that Hesiod could not have imagined even for this age of plastic and aluminum, the scare-story figures are the invention of a social-work establishment with a vested interest in discovering vice. Figures for father-daughter incest routinely include stepfathers, fiancés, and mother's casual lovers in the category of "father." The real problem, as it turns out, is not the degeneracy of natural parents but broken families and illegitimacy, which expose children to the dangers of sexual molestation. The authors of one study (Lightcap, Kunland, and Burgess in *Ethology of Sociobiology*) concluded that such children were 40 times as likely to be molested as children in the normal family situation derided by the Democrats who prate of their devotion to the family.

Why should ordinary families worry about cooked data and programs aimed at "dysfunctional" families? After all, the problems we hear so often about are associated with minorities—blacks and recent immigrants. Unfortunately, laws designed to correct the perceived vices of powerless minorities will inevitably be applied to everyone outside the political class that knows how to use the engines of state power for its own purpose.

Until the Civil War, American households were still, by and large, fortresses that could shut out the world. The entering wedge of the state came with concern over lower-class children, particularly those of immigrant families. The good Yankees were terrified by Irish Catholics, whose children needed to be Americanized, *i.e.*, Protestantized and indoctrinated into habits of thrift, diligence, punctuality, and, above all, sobriety. These fears and aspirations were translated into legislation: compulsory school attendance laws and agencies designed to "save" potentially delinquent children by removing them from unsuitable homes.

But the sauce that bastes the Irish Catholic goose is inevitably slapped upon the WASP gander, and the average American family finds itself paying for incompetent and abusive public schools that have little time for reading, math, and foreign languages but all the time in the world for sex education, sensitivity training, and "moral reasoning," which is really a program for indoctrinating children with contempt for their parents' principles.

The general argument is always couched in the same terms. The family is in crisis, because of poverty, modernization, rampant capitalism, rapid industrialization, massive immigration, or systemic alcoholism or drug abuse. It is up to the good and wise—charitable ladies, repentant robber barons, federal agencies—to nurture and support families both by providing positive assistance in the form of social insurance and welfare programs and by making strategic intrusions into deviant households.

The language and tactics of child protection have always echoed those of the women's movement. The first stage is the demand for protection from negligent or abusive husbands and parents, and once these negative liberties have been secured (freedom *from* murder and abuse), the next step is the demand for positive liberties (the freedom to be or to do whatever you can).

As Allan Carlson points out, one key to the process of children's liberation is the concept of *parens patriae*, which can be used to justify state intervention not just in cases of real abuse but even when the choice is only between good and better environments for a child. Although the soft-on-crime Supreme Court justice Abe Fortas dealt a blow to the doctrine in his *In re Gault* decision, judges, legislators, and journalists still operate on the assumption that neither mother nor father really knows what is best for the child. In Illinois and California, for example, parents can be sent to jail if their children play hookey too often, and Hawaii has a program of home visits by social workers who suspect abuse. Iowa is, apparently, about to follow suit. The most sinister development is Missouri's Parents as Teachers Program, chronicled by Laura Rogers in these pages.

If the state is assuming the powers of parenthood, we have a right to inquire how successful its experiments have been. In the 1850's one Presbyterian divine concluded that orphanages and foster homes could be worse remedies than the diseases they were intended to cure: "Even when human laws have undertaken to remedy some of the lesser evils flowing from badly governed households, they have, but too often, occasioned greater than they relieved."

In every generation, new remedies are proposed to protect

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children and to prevent the problems that have arisen under the previous system. What is not much talked about in the crusade against child abuse is the scandal of children molested by the teachers, social workers, and foster parents to whom they have been entrusted. The author of *By Silence Betrayed: Sexual Abuse of Children in America* discusses well-known cases of abuse by workers in daycare centers, by youth group leaders, and by foster parents. The governor of Illinois traveled all the way to Rockford, a few years ago, to pin a medal on a heroic foster father who had taken care of dozens of boys. A year later, the man was indicted for sodomizing his charges. The truth is, most children are safer in all but the worst intact households than in the care of strangers. In Iowa, however, where they are eager to invade homes to sniff out neglect, the state legislature in 1990 *rejected* a bill that would have banned child-abusers from teaching school.

Despite the obviousness of this observation, judges and social workers continue to insist that they have the right to decide what is best for children. In children's rights, the case of the year for 1992 was the parental divorce case, but judges are frequently asked to decide between a child's natural parents and alternatives. Without wishing to minimize the horrors experienced by children in some families, I cannot bring myself to believe that either judges or social workers have the experience or the moral judgment to justify this assumption of power, particularly when it is not a question of life-threatening abuse. At the age of ten, the Southern writer William Gilmore Simms was asked by a judge if he wanted to live with his father or his maternal grandmother. Simms' mother had died shortly after his birth, and his father had gone West to seek his fortune, leaving the boy in the care of the grandmother. After he had achieved economic stability, the elder Simms wanted his son with him. But, to his everlasting regret, the boy chose to remain in the only household he had ever known: "The rights of the father were set aside—I think now improperly," Simms wrote later in his life, "and, as I now believe, to my irretrievable injury."

What should the judge have done? There can be only one answer: the child belongs to his next of kin. Natural parents under natural circumstances will very rarely abuse their children, and if society has any interest at all in what goes on inside a familial household, then its first imperative is to do nothing to weaken the bonds between parent and child. It is in broken homes, not intact households, that children are most likely to be abused or neglected, and the state's first rule must be a Hippocratic injunction not to harm the patient. If some depraved parents are harming their children, then it is the state's first business not to contribute to the depravity of sane parents by depriving them of their natural and historic authority.

But suppose the family is infected by one or another vice of modern times. Suppose the marriage has broken up amid mutual recriminations and allegations of abuse. The first assumption should be that the family, including grandparents, can settle it among themselves. This is complicated by the fiction of no-fault divorce. I say fiction, because there are either one or two parties at fault. In the case of a one-fault divorce, the spouse who has broken the marriage, by committing adultery or abjuring responsibility, must give way to the faithful partner. In the case of a two-fault divorce, the kinfolk should be required to work it out among themselves, if a solution is possible.

But, suppose there is no father and the mother is about to be imprisoned for prostitution or drug use. In such cases, the burden devolves naturally upon the next of kin. What if there is no grandparent, or, which is increasingly common, what if the grandmother is no better than the mother? Even in such extreme cases the state should first assume that there are nongovernmental bodies, such as church congregations, that can take charge without invoking the costly and perilous panoply of social workers, juvenile authorities, and counselors who have made a career out of getting close to other people's children.

So far in this utopian model, we have only succeeded in minimizing the damage to healthy families and in limiting the interference in community. Many children do not live either in families or in anything resembling a community. In such cases, one must invoke a wider authority, and in earlier generations that authority more often came from the church than from the state.

If we had the power to reconstitute society, we could institute neighborhood governments corresponding roughly to the size of a city ward or an elementary school district. Among the powers given such a body—control over schools, zoning, adjudication of disputes—one would include the provision of welfare. In the very imperfect world of contemporary America, we would have to settle for a makeshift arrangement that empowered the lowest existing level of government, the town or the county, to make the necessary decisions.

Since I am not likely to be holding the reins of political power at any time in the next millennium, it is pointless to make my recommendations any more specific. But make no mistake about it, these are perilous times for American families. Both major political parties seem committed to programs designed to "save the family" by providing higher and higher levels of assistance. The only proposals that are not positively destructive have to do with changes in the tax code that allow parents to keep some of the money they spend on private schools and health insurance.

Most family assistance programs—Republican as well as Democratic—would subjugate American families to the national government and provide for ever more aggressive intrusion into the household. As parents lose their sense of proprietary ownership of children, they also lose the last material incentives to take care of the troublesome little burdens, which in a moment of weakness they consented to bear.

If children were once a contribution to the household income and a retirement plan for parents, they are gradually becoming nothing more than a welfare project imposed upon married couples. As parents begin to feel that they have lost control of the project, they might come to regard their children as something like the common property of society—as they already are, to some extent, in Scandinavia. In the grim ledger of cost-benefit calculations, the bottom line of common property will always be what Garrett Hardin has termed "the tragedy of the commons." Where everyone owns, no one is responsible, and even the natural impulses of parents will be submerged under the weight of responsibility, undermined by the accusations and investigations of the child-abuse industry, and torpedoed by family-assistance programs that strike directly at household autonomy. The question "Why *don't* parents abuse their children?" will strike my readers as fanciful or obscene. In fact, it is the only logical question that can be asked, given the premises of our children's rights legislation, and the day is not far off when, for the life of them, parents will not be able to find the answer. c

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Believe the Children?

Child Abuse and the American Legal System

by Philip Jenkins

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

We may begin with a nightmare. Imagine that you are the parent of a preschool child and that one day police and child-protection officials appear at your door. They inform you that a teacher or daycare worker suspects that your child has been abused and that subsequent interviews with therapists have proven this fact to their satisfaction. Moreover, it is clear to them that you and your spouse are the abusers. As an emergency measure, the child and any siblings will be removed to a foster home while you face among the most serious and damning criminal charges of all. If you are very lucky indeed, you may recover your child within several months or no more than a year or two. If you are less fortunate, the child will be adopted, and you and your spouse will be imprisoned in an environment where molesters are the most despised and persecuted population.

All this may sound horrific enough, but then you discover the testimony that has ruined your life. It turns out that the original stories can be traced to the fantasies of one deranged adult, perhaps a neighbor or teacher, seeking revenge for the injustices he or she believes to have suffered in early life. Once started, this gave therapists and investigators the ammunition with which to proceed. Through deceptively innocent tactics of "play therapy," through the use of dolls and pictures, intense peer pressure, and simple old-fashioned leading questions, the child was induced to make statements that apparently pointed to abuse. Of course, the child's testimony also included a great deal of material that could only be fantasy—impossible accounts of meeting famous people or cartoon characters, tales of hidden tunnels and flying machines, stories of being barbecued in microwave ovens or dangled over alligator pools. However, the investigators believed that such adornments did not discredit the essential truth of the charges and even conspired to insure that no jury ever become aware of the more blatant fantasies. Prosecutors thus select the plausible elements and portray the therapeutic process as a heroic cooperative endeavor between victimized child and dedicated professional.

If any part of this scenario appears outrageous or improbable, then you have not been following the course of the American child abuse panic that has been under way since the early 1980's. Everything outlined here is based on one or more of the celebrated cases of the last decade, and most elements have more than one source or parallel. In the McMartin preschool case that began in California in 1983, the epicenter was a schizophrenic woman who believed that her son had been abused at the school (as well as at home, church, and many public places in the neighborhood). She also believed that he had been repeatedly mutilated by his abusers, though they had mystically repaired any obvious wounds, and that they had taken him flying. Naturally, this was enough to persuade the local police to recommend that all children who had attended the school be taken for therapeutic examination, which duly found that a large number had been subjected to like molestation.

Children do their best to accommodate puzzling requests for tales of outlandish behavior. In the Jordan case of 1984, they told of being taken to sinister orgies, where all the men looked like Elvis and where the bare-breasted women were Hawaiian or Japanese (this was in rural Minnesota). The alligators and microwave barbecues stem from the recent Edenton affair in North Carolina. Several child witnesses have been clearly bemused by probes for information about wrong or unpleasant acts associated with the genital area; and thus they have produced accounts that the innovative molesters have urinated or defecated on them. How would they know better?

Philip Jenkins is a professor in the Administration of Justice Department at Pennsylvania State University.

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The investigators, however, have duly accepted these fantasies and brought appropriate charges in court.

Some child witnesses have also charged that babies were tortured or killed, giving rise to a whole subindustry of "ritual abuse" experts, anxious to prove a Satanic conspiracy against America's children. Since McMartin, there have been hundreds of mass or ritual abuse cases across the country, as well as countless lesser affairs that have received only local attention. And while some cases have more or less collapsed, there are now many people imprisoned for their fictitious misdeeds.

In describing the situation of parents or teachers implicated in such cases, we might be tempted to use terms like "Kafkaesque," but this would be to impose too much rationality. *Alice in Wonderland* might offer a better literary analogy, as well as an appropriate warning about the standards of evidence and belief employed in this thought-world; for this is a territory far removed from any traditional assumptions of Anglo-American law. In this world, the primary beliefs are summarized in the slogan "Believe the Children": children never lie about matters of sexual abuse. This does not mean that they always tell the truth, as their denials of abuse are almost invariably fictitious. In fact, denial of abuse is a peculiarly vicious pathology, usually indicating that the children are too afraid or ashamed to admit their victimization. Denials that a crime has occurred must therefore be rejected; but once children admit the fact of abuse, this fact must be accepted and affirmed with absolute tenacity. Heads I win. . . .

If a child's story appears fantastic, this may be overcome in several ways. First, it might be argued that the falsehoods are harmless frills, irrelevant to the substance of the accusation. However, the nonsensical quality of the tales might indicate that we are dealing with particularly clever or sinister abusers, who deliberately commit their crimes in fantastic settings, so that subsequent accounts will not be believed. An abuser might for example tell a child that his name is Fred Flintstone or George Bush or fake an incident about placing a child in a "microwave oven." In this sense, the more fantastic and improbable the story, the more likely it indicates the reality of serious and organized abuse . . . so tails you lose.

The idea of "Believing the Children" in such circumstances has rather complex roots, but there are several key elements. The feminist movement must receive a good deal of the credit for this legal revolution, and insistence on the absolute credibility of a child victim is in large part an offshoot of the antirape campaigns of the 1970's. Women, we were told, did not lie about rape; they would never risk the traumatic and sordid experience of a court appearance if they did not genuinely believe they were victims of a savage assault. And just as rape was one manifestation of the enforcement of patriarchal power, so was incest, as were the other forms of sexual assault daily inflicted on millions of children within the male-dominated home. To challenge the credibility of a child witness or an "incest survivor" was exactly akin to doubting the veracity of a "rape survivor," to suggesting that perhaps the victim had "asked for it." Seeking corroboration was a particularly unacceptable manifestation of this brutal skepticism.

In demanding the rigorous detection and prosecution of child abuse, feminists place themselves on the ideological high ground of asserting the rights of innocent and voiceless children. And when cases come to court, defeat is impossible. Conviction proves that the prosecution was justified and confirms that known cases represent a tiny tip of a huge iceberg. If a suspect is acquitted, this shows that the courts serve patriarchal interests rather than the interests of women and children. Even when charges have been disproved as preposterous fabrications (again, as in the McMartin or Jordan cases), the inevitable rhetoric asserts that "this shows once more that we live in a society that doesn't believe children."

Parallel to the feminist legal onslaught, we find changes within the therapeutic community, such as the growth of professionals whose whole *raison d'être* involves the exposure and treatment of childhood abuse. Since the early 1980's, there has appeared a vastly profitable industry of psychiatric "experts" with novel theories and techniques that they are desperately anxious to validate. Once established, the new "straighteners" stand to reap rich rewards in the form of hefty fees for treatment and for expert testimony in the courtroom. These professionals offer a very complete service. Not only will they diagnose and treat sexual abuse in children, they will also analyze and cure a bewildering variety of adult conditions infallibly traced to childhood victimization. These conditions may be physical in nature, but they also include sloth, unhappy relationships, self-doubt, or lack of confidence, stigmata that a saner age would have attributed to moral failings or else demonic influence. (In fact, the symptoms commonly listed bear an uncanny resemblance to the traditional Seven Deadly Sins.) Such problems require not only the "courage to heal," but many, many years of lucrative treatment. Therapists even offer explanations for the pernicious "syndromes" that cause children to deny that abuse has occurred—and even, in some cases, to fail to recall the horrors wrought on them by their parents! Allied with the new abuse therapists are pediatricians, who have in the last decade claimed to diagnose the 20th-century equivalent of the witch-mark, those mild but significant malformations of a child's anus or genitals that indicate a record of sexual exploitation.

In such an intellectual environment, it would be almost unthinkable for therapists and pediatricians to examine a sample of children *without* concluding that a majority of them had been the victims of abuse, the exact form of assault depending on the vogue of the moment (allegations of anal rape are quite fashionable today, but tastes in accusation change rapidly). This is wonderful news for some in our litigious society, who have discovered a whole new range of grievances to take before a jury. Perhaps the richest harvest of all lies in recovering damages for the adult "survivors" of abuse, who are only now recalling under therapy the wrongs inflicted upon them many years previously.

It will perhaps come as no surprise that it is the state of California that has taken the lead in legislating these new trends. A 1990 law permits alleged victims of abuse to launch civil suits many years after the supposed incident, demanding only that action be taken within three years after the abuse is "recalled." The measure naturally raises golden vistas both for therapists and for the lawyers who fee them. In less accommodating states, proof that a parent has abused a child has become a common weapon in divorce proceedings and custody fights, and there are usually therapists and abuse experts to serve as hired guns for one side or the other. Child abuse has been the largest single tool in restoring the "fault" to no-fault divorce.

Academics, feminist theorists, therapists, pediatricians, chil-

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dren's rights advocates, and lawyers—this powerful coalition has been able to place a political emphasis on the detection and prosecution of abuse, which few have had the will or the desire to oppose. (Few votes are to be gained from asserting the due process rights of alleged child molesters or incestuous parents.) In practice, this political support has been expressed in the form of allocating resources to child protection services and specialized anti-abuse units in the police or social services. Such organizations have a powerful vested interest in asserting the continuing reality and seriousness of the threat they were established to combat. When did we last hear any bureaucrat state that his agency found itself with little work to do, so that he would be grateful if his excess resources could be reassigned to a more worthy cause? There is thus a bureaucratic dynamic in favor of the invention of abuse cases where none existed and of the exaggeration of others that would otherwise have been regarded as trivial or nonthreatening. Abuse statistics spiral upwards, creating still more demand for new resources and legislation, and the cycle appears inexorable.

In other words, "Believe the Children" has become an elaborate ideological system that offers articles of faith about the scale of crimes against children (vast), the effects of abuse upon victims (devastating and lifelong), and the changes in law and government required to fight the menace (revolutionary). Controversies over child abuse offer perhaps the most telling illustration of the conflict between legal and therapeutic values, the debate outlined in the 1970's in Nicholas N. Kittrie's classic *The Right to Be Different: Deviance and Enforced Therapy*. Anglo-American legal values assume the innocence of the accused person and require that the state prove its charges against him or her before penal sanctions of any sort can be imposed. The suspect also benefits from other miscellaneous protections, such as the requirement that the state delineate precisely what he or she is said to have done and when and where this occurred, so that a defense is possible. Also, the actual courtroom setting offers the defendant a chance to probe and (ideally) disprove the testimony of an accuser, hence the right to confront and cross-examine a witness.

Central to this process is the assumption that witnesses are only to be believed about specifics if they impress the judge and jury with their credibility. For example, what destroyed Jim Garrison's original investigations into the JFK assassination was not so much the specific charges made by any of his witnesses, but the general impression these individuals created in court by their striking manifestations of personality disorders and bizarre mental states. Legal values therefore require that both witnesses and their specific charges be tested and proven in a public setting.

Therapeutic values are fundamentally different, above all in the belief that courts are in the business of enforcing social hygiene rather than imposing punishment. It is sound social-work practice to remove a child from an abusive home and therapeutically desirable to require incarceration or treatment of a suspected molester or abuser. When a woman alleges physical abuse, it is necessary prevention to order her husband to vacate the home, but this is not penal in nature, any more than a painful surgical procedure. One does not demand constitutional rights when visiting a doctor, who has only your best interests at heart; and we do not insist that hospital stays be regulated by statutory sentencing guidelines. Similarly, the courts have no business regulating the actions of objective professionals such as social workers or medical authorities in seeking to protect children. Once a child has been led to state that abuse has occurred, or once therapists interpret his or her responses in such a way, the "Believe the Children" theory comes into operation. Abuse *has* occurred, and to doubt this fact is to ignore the sufferings of innocent children and to become, in effect, an accomplice to the act of abuse.

Child abuse cases begin with the assumption that crime has occurred and that remedial action must be taken. An alleged molester is assumed to be guilty, even if this cannot be proven in court, and social service agencies proceed on this belief. It is therefore permitted and even desirable to record a suspected abuser's name and particulars on a state-controlled register. Depending on the jurisdiction, this damaging record will remain on the books for several years, even if court proceedings result in acquittal. Appearance on such a register carries no appeal or redress, not even through the law of libel: after all, this is the world of social hygiene, not law.

In the courtroom, "Believe the Children" means that judge and jury are no longer expected (even in theory) to be neutral between accuser and accused. The court exists to assist the child victim secure justice against the abuser, for there is no longer any doubt about the guilt of the accused. Defense lawyers, in this view, are cynical thugs who aim to discredit brutalized children by badgering them on the stand, reducing them to sobbing wrecks by leading them into foolish misstatements and apparent contradictions. The main priority of reform is to prevent innocent victims from suffering further trauma in the court itself, to reduce the "jeopardy of children on the stand."

Measures taken in this direction range from the mild and sensible to the breathtaking and grossly unconstitutional. Some states, for example, suggest that small children should not be forced to confront their alleged abuser, as in testify in front of the accused. This might mean testifying from behind a screen or else from a remote location by means of videotape. Others have gone much further, reducing or abolishing protections against hearsay evidence. In some cases, a judge will examine a toddler and find that he or she is easily led to testify to anything demanded by a friendly grown-up. The child is therefore declared incompetent to testify, which should logically mean that all evidence from this source is regarded as tainted and inadmissible. In the new environment, however, the opposite conclusion is reached. If a child is incompetent, his or her testimony is provided by "experts" reporting what they gleaned in conversations with the child. For the defendant, the presentation of evidence in this manner effectively destroys the right of cross-examination and an invaluable chance to demonstrate flaws or contradictions in the prosecutor's case. Naturally, sober professionals report what they believe to be relevant and do not recount tales of magic, tunnels, and flying machines. Even when a child graciously makes a personal appearance, some jurisdictions have attempted to restrict cross-examination of these young witnesses or to eliminate it altogether.

In the long conflict between legal and therapeutic values, child abuse cases have served as a massive bridgehead for the notion of the "objective expert," the neutral professional who is seeking to protect the child and the community in the face

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of all the obstacles posed by outmoded legalism. Individual rights and protections must, according to this philosophy, be superseded in the interest of defeating domestic tyranny and exploitation. And when such protections have been undermined in one area of law, how much easier it is to accept their dilution in other matters—in drug cases and rape prosecutions, in matters of domestic violence and sexual harassment. Soon we are left with a world in which the only offenders with their rights intact are professional robbers and burglars, whose atrocities seem to offend us so much less than the crimes of ever-fluctuating social morality.

We might expect a clear political demarcation here, with liberals pushing measures that advance the feminist agenda and the therapeutic state and conservatives upholding the long-established boundaries that defend the individual and the family. In practice, the lines have long been hopelessly confused, with the Supreme Court offering a fascinating microcosm of the dilemmas and contradictions in contemporary conservatism.

In 1988, the case of *Coy* v. *Iowa* struck down a state law permitting children to testify from behind a screen. Justice Scalia (a celebrated conservative and a Reagan nominee) wrote tellingly that "it is difficult to imagine a more obvious or damaging violation of the defendant's right to face-to-face encounter. . . . Face-to-face presence may unfortunately upset the truthful rape victim or abused child, but by the same token it may confound the false accuser or reveal the child coached by a malevolent adult. It is a truism that constitutional protections have costs."

Paradoxically, it is this same Court that in 1990 decided by a 5-4 majority to *uphold* the radical principle of televising children's testimony in abuse cases (*Maryland* v. *Craig*). This case found Sandra Day O'Connor in the familiar position of defending whatever regulation seemed convenient to an administrative body, while Scalia responded with a scathing dissent of the sort that we traditionally associate with extreme liberals like Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan. (Part of his philippic noted that "seldom has this Court failed so conspicuously to sustain a categorical guarantee of the Constitution against the tide of prevailing current opinion.")

We could perhaps speculate on how and why Antonin Scalia and his fellow dissenters found themselves in a minority on what is alleged to be a conservative court. The same questions must be posed in the wider society. Why has there been so little opposition to the "Believe the Children" ideology, with all its nefarious consequences? Why have so many conservatives been willing to acquiesce to such a radical transformation of American criminal justice and to such an evisceration of constitutional protections? And when did conservatives start believing that therapists and state agencies were the best judges of the conduct and morality of the family? c

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The Penny Arcade, Carmine Street

by Gloria Glickstein Brame

He's losing her at the penny arcade
where the play and the outcomes turn
on small change. Formed of flattened tin,
the ducks that swim in straight lines
don't even dent when hit. He raises the gun
to his cheek, targets the simple things
he shoots to kill, poised as St. Julian
before a powerful assault of cats, equipped
for violence, knowing what it is
to be a man, and how a her reacts to a him.
The obligations of being born
father and son make him light with fear.
He cocks his weapon, sets the sights,
discharges three times. Bullets go awry.
She shrugs at the unwon prize
and touches his arm as if to say,
Not everyone succeeds every time.
He puts another dollar down
and lifts the barrel above her head,
concentrating on her encouragement,
squints, aims surely, and misses thrice again.
She grins uncomfortably at passersby and
notices his blue jeans are too big;
his studded cowboy shirt doesn't quite fit.

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Law in Lehi

A Case of Abuse

by William N. Grigg

Anna Vocek-Wodecki

Lehi, Utah, is somewhat familiar to those who have seen the movie *Footloose*. The small Mormon community provided Hollywood with the perfect setting for a tale of adolescent rebellion against parental and religious authority. Yet shortly after the movie's release Lehi's pious image was ruptured by a child abuse scandal.

One morning in the summer of 1985, Lehi president Shelia Bowers left her three children with their aunt. When she returned for them, the aunt expressed concern that the children had been "playing dirty"—they seemed a bit too sexually inquisitive. She suggested that the mother take them to the Intermountain Sexual Abuse Treatment Center (ISATC), where they were examined by therapist Barbara Snow. It took Snow little time to diagnose the children as victims of sexual abuse. According to her, the children had named their babysitter as the abuser.

At the time, the Bowers' regular babysitter was the teenage daughter of Keith Burnham, a local Mormon bishop. Other parents who employed the Burnham girl as a sitter took their children to be examined, and accusations began to multiply. Some of the children accused Burnham himself, as well as his wife, of "touching" them. Snow contacted Robert Smith, a psychologist who served as a counselor to Burnham's LDS congregation. Snow informed Smith that children had been molested in Lehi and that the Burnham girl was the chief suspect. Smith was told to get a confession from the Burnham girl without telling her parents, as the parents were also under suspicion. When Smith was reluctant to follow Snow's instructions, the therapist threatened to call in the local print and television media, the sheriff, and the ACLU.

In testimony given later on the witness stand, Smith recalled, "I did not want to do what Snow asked. I realized I had no permission or authority to talk to the children either in my professional or ecclesiastical position." Snow instructed Smith to disclose the accusation to a friend of the Burnhams, thus avoiding a direct confrontation with the parents. Smith ignored Snow's imperious directives and spoke directly to Bishop Burnham. When Burnham was informed of the accusations against his daughter, he readily agreed to let both of his children speak with Snow.

But Snow was not satisfied with Burnham's cooperation. She contacted Smith again, upbraided him as a "fool" and thundered, "You have just blown this case." Shortly after Burnham agreed to send his children for examination, officials from the State Division of Family Services pulled up to his driveway and collected his kids. The children were placed in a foster home, where they were subjected to a three-week regimen of examinations. Burnham had not been informed that his agreement would be construed by the state as a license to abduct his children. He recalls his frustration as his children were seized by the state: "What do you do? They take your children away. They put them in foster homes. You can't see them. There is no way to fight back."

After a three-week ordeal of separation and scrutiny, the state sent the Burnham children back to their parents with a perfunctory written apology. No evidence had been found of any physical, sexual, or emotional abuse; in fact, the children appeared to be products of an exemplary home. But despite the elimination of its primary suspects, the state's investigation of Lehi continued.

The Lehi Eighth Ward, in which the Burnhams' LDS con-

William N. Grigg is a columnist for the Daily Herald *in Provo, Utah.*

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gregation is located, had been riven into factions by the scandal; accusations lit up ward meetings like tracer fire. Rumors of a satanic child sexual abuse ring ran rampant. Several families who believed that the state had not done enough to investigate the allegations formed a small therapy group under Snow's direction. Within that group was the family of Alan Hadfield, a steelworker in his mid-30's. Snow had told Hadfield that his children were among those abused by the Burnham children.

After the Burnhams were cleared by the state, accusations began to proliferate within the therapy group. In a matter of months every family represented in the group—with the exception of the Hadfields—found itself implicated in child sexual abuse. More than forty adults were accused of molestation, and nearly every house on Hadfield's block was identified as the site of an "incident." At one point Hadfield jocularly asked his wife, "When am I going to be next?"

Two weeks after Hadfield's remark, his ten-year-old daughter accused him of molesting her. In a private session with Snow, the Hadfield girl had been asked to "give herself a grade" regarding various aspects of her life. The girl offered generous grades for her schoolwork and her social life, but a low grade regarding her own personal safety. Asked by Snow to specify the source of the perceived danger, the Hadfield girl said, "There's only one in my family," and wrote "God, my dad has touched me" on a slip of paper.

This disclosure was made after nine months of intensive therapy. For the better part of a year the Hadfield child, along with her friends, had been relentlessly indoctrinated regarding "good" and "bad" parental touches. It is quite difficult for a parent to avoid a "bad" touch, since it is defined as any kind of touch that makes a child uncomfortable; one commentator referred to this as the "hug your child, go to jail" syndrome.

Gay Hadfield initially refused to believe her daughter's accusations; the mother called Snow and insisted that a terrible mistake had been made. Snow arranged a meeting for the next day. Under Snow's guidance the girl repeated the accusations. Another of Hadfield's children, an eleven-year-old boy, was asked if he had been abused. After an initial denial, the boy broke down into tears and said that the charges were true. The session with Snow was enough to convince Gay Hadfield that her husband was an abuser. That very day she took the children and left Alan Hadfield for good. Shortly thereafter, Alan Hadfield was arrested.

As the government investigation of Lehi continued, Gay Hadfield filed for divorce. As custody issues were raised, accusations were levied against Alan Hadfield's family: Hadfield's parents and 16 of his male cousins were named as abusers. In a second Lehi divorce proceeding that arose from this abuse scandal, charges were also filed against the male relatives of that embattled father.

Some in the community began to suspect that Snow was manipulating the children under her supervision. One Lehi father sent his children to Snow with the stipulation that another adult be present to observe the therapy sessions. The father was told that an independent observer would be an unnecessary intrusion because Snow had a "good way" with children. After one session the skeptical father withdrew his children from therapy; within a week he was named as an abuser by children still under Snow's care.

Suspicions that Snow was manipulating the Lehi children were not confined to the community; similar misgivings were expressed by law enforcement officials and some of Snow's professional peers. Utah County Chief Deputy Attorney Wayne Watson recalls, "I went up and witnessed one of Barbara Snow's sessions with one of the Lehi kids. . . . I was appalled. I had deep reservations about whether the ideas expressed by the child[ren] related to what had actually happened to them or whether they were the product of ideas placed in their minds by Barbara Snow." According to Watson, the therapist would sit with a child on the floor of a room filled with toys and stuffed animals. "If the child reacted negatively to [Snow's] questions she would remain very formal and stiff. If the child reacted positively, and indicated something had happened, she would become very warm and loving, and hold the child in her lap and tell the child what a good child she is. I found that totally unacceptable for a criminal investigation."

Owen Quarterberg, chief investigator for the Utah County Sheriff's Department, witnessed one of Snow's sessions and offered a report similar to Watson's: "The interview wasn't going anywhere so she sat the boy on her lap with her arms around him, then some responses began to occur." Snow would ask the same questions until she received satisfactory responses. Dr. Stephen Golding, an expert in forensic investigation, examined video and audio tapes of Snow's sessions and found her technique leading and suggestive: "She doesn't know what role she's in. Professionally, it is the most ill-advised thing she could do." During one session reviewed by Golding, Snow drew a set of stickmen on a chalkboard and told the children, "Here are the perverts, and they are smiling because they are getting away with it."

Snow protested that her approach was "therapeutic" rather than "forensic"—that she sought to "heal" abused children rather than to collect legal evidence. But why would a "healer" command another therapist to obtain confessions? Furthermore, Snow's approach to "healing" occasionally skirted abuse. Utah County Sheriff's detective Mike McConnell considered Snow's approach to be "aggressive and confrontational." Describing a session he had witnessed, McConnell reported, "At one time she embraced a child and the child tried to get away. She asked leading questions. The child was playing with dolls and those were taken away."

Judy Pugh, one of Snow's colleagues at ISATC, had been told by one of the Lehi children that the entire child abuse scandal was a "fairy tale" concocted to satisfy Snow. One child who had been under Snow's care later testified under oath that she had been intimidated by Snow into offering an accusation. Accumulated misgivings about Snow's reliability, coupled with an utter paucity of physical evidence, led the Utah County Sheriff's office to conclude that no abuse had taken place in Lehi.

But the state investigation ground on, propelled by political considerations. Associate Deputy Attorney General Paul Warner explained that "When we took over the case [from Utah County law enforcement] we had to start from ground level. We found that the Utah County Attorney's office had neither the political will nor the experience to do the job that needed to be done." The task at hand, according to Warner, had less to do with justice than with the proper "message": "If we had backed off, it would have sent a message to child abusers that it was now open season on the kids." Utah County officials were just as anxious for the safety of children, but

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they had neither the experience nor the "political will" to create a child abuse case *ex nihilo*.

Hadfield went on trial in Provo, Utah, in December 1987. The courtroom was packed with Hadfield's supporters; among them was Bishop Keith Burnham. The prosecution's case was essentially built upon the testimony of the Hadfield children and the recollections of Barbara Snow. Two physical examinations of the children had failed to provide reliable physical evidence of sexual abuse (which would have been easily obtained in the case of the young girl). Furthermore, there were no taped or handwritten notes of the crucial therapy sessions in which the Hadfield children had disclosed the abuse. Snow explained that she had taken "key notes" for the purpose of aiding her memory; she once again insisted that her role was that of a therapist, rather than an investigator. But by the time the trial began, Snow had been acting as the state's chief investigator for nearly two years. In order for her testimony to be considered relevant, the court would have to *assume* that the Hadfield children had been abused by their father—which was precisely the question the trial was meant to address!

Brad Rich, Hadfield's attorney, was caught in a dilemma familiar to defense attorneys in child abuse cases: how could he impeach the child witnesses without coming off as a desperate bully? The testimony of the Hadfield children was shot through with implausibilities and contradictions. Neither of the children was aware of a birthmark on Alan Hadfield's groin that would have been visible during a sexual assault. The Hadfield boy claimed that his father had threatened to harm both the children and their mother if they spoke to anyone of the abuse and had coupled his warning with a bribe, in the form of a "three-wheeler" recreational vehicle. But Rich was able to provide the court with a receipt proving that the vehicle had been purchased by Hadfield as an Easter gift for the family long before it would have been needed as a bribe.

The most significant contradiction in the prosecution's case involved the events of April 9, 1986. During the evening hours of that date, Hadfield had been alone in his house with his children. His wife was in Salt Lake City visiting the Lehi woman who was involved in the other abuse-related divorce. According to his children, Hadfield molested them while they watched television. But Hadfield testified that he had been alone in his bedroom watching *Dynasty* when he received a phone call from none other than Barbara Snow. Thus at the very hour Hadfield was supposedly abusing his children, he was patiently listening to Barbara Snow complain about the treatment she had received from her critics. Hadfield's testimony was confirmed by phone records presented to the court by Rich.

During his closing arguments in Hadfield's trial, prosecutor Robert Schwendiman declared that the defense had misrepresented the contents of the phone record; he referred to both Hadfield and Rich as liars. The jury was sent to deliberate—only to be brought back by the judge when Rich protested. Upon reexamination the phone record confirmed the defense's account, and Schwendiman was compelled to apologize. The jury was then sent back to continue its deliberations. Brad Rich did not request a mistrial because it seemed obvious that the prosecution's case had been so badly perforated that it would not withstand scrutiny—especially when the prosecution's last remark was, in effect, "We goofed." Furthermore, Hadfield was neither emotionally nor financially prepared to endure another trial. But Hadfield's trials were far from finished: 11 hours after hearing the prosecution's apology, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty on all counts.

The guilty verdict provoked gratitude from the state child abuse bureaucracy and incredulity from Hadfield's neighbors. Shortly after the verdict was delivered a group of eight hundred Lehi residents held a rally at Lehi High School in order to raise money for Hadfield's defense fees. Cullen J. Christensen, the judge who had presided at Hadfield's trial, received hundreds of letters from Hadfield's supporters urging leniency in sentencing. The abiding support for Hadfield was used by some to indict the entire town. Child psychiatrist Paul Whitehead, who had examined the Hadfield children at the state's request and served as an "expert witness" for the prosecution, gave an interview to the *Deseret News* (Utah's largest daily paper) in which he explained that a satanic ritual abuse ring in Lehi was responsible for the rally and the letter campaign: "It's a close community and that might explain in part the community reaction. But if one accepts the fact, as I do, that there are a lot of people involved, then some of them have a major vested interest. To protect one is to protect all."

According to Whitehead, the response of Hadfield's supporters was "a natural reaction assuming many people are involved. If many were not involved, it's very unusual that people would come to the response to this degree [on behalf of] one individual who has been convicted by eight impartial people. I would think the community would be upset at that individual." Whitehead had only his febrile imagination to justify his accusations. But Lehi could document abuses committed by the state.

Whitehead declared that "the one common thing that seems to run through all these groups is secret-keeping—collusion." The discipline of child abuse rings, according to Whitehead, prevents abused children from speaking out; it can even compel children to recant accusations once they have been made. "There are lots of forces that keep kids from disclosing, so that's why you don't get many kids telling. The studies show that false retractions of true statements are much more common than false accusations." This standard would lead us out of the empirical realm. Silence could serve as testimony of abuse; an accusation of abuse would be considered self-validating; and a retraction of a previous accusation would be the best evidence of all.

Whitehead's collusion theory was better applied to the actions of the state and its allies among child abuse professionals. Every criticism directed at Snow or the state investigators ran up against a barricade of begged questions. Whitehead and other child abuse "experts" quickly joined ranks to protect Snow against criticism—perhaps acting upon the proposition that "to protect one is to protect all." Both the "experts" and the state repeatedly emphasized the supposedly transcendent importance of sending the proper "message." The transmission of that message required the services of Alan Hadfield, the Indispensable Defendant.

In early 1988 Hadfield was sentenced to ten-years probation and six months in jail on a work-release program; he was also required to undergo treatment as a sex offender. In delivering this sentence Judge Christensen ignored the mandatory sentencing guidelines—which call for a minimum of ten years in prison for such cases—and applied a little-used incest exception in Utah State law, which was designed to keep a troubled family together. But the Hadfield family had already been dissolved through divorce. Furthermore, the treatment

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programs recognized by the state require that an offender admit his guilt before treatment can begin. Hadfield has never conceded his guilt. Dr. Robert Card, the therapist appointed to preside over Hadfield's treatment, had already administered several tests to Hadfield and had found him to be vibrantly normal.

The state Attorney General's office sought a writ that would compel Judge Christensen to send Hadfield to prison. The state's petition was denied by the state Supreme Court; shortly thereafter the state discontinued its investigation of Lehi. Some Lehi residents established a committee to examine Snow's record and to collect testimonies from those who felt abused by the state. The examination of Snow's record by private investigators revealed that she had been involved in child abuse scandals in two other Utah communities. In each of the scandals children were sent to Snow for treatment, and after several months of "therapy" they would ventilate accusations against their fathers. In each of the scandals, the children's stories would be first wildly contradictory and then homogenized. When an individual was named as an "abuser" by one child, other children would quickly mimic the accusation.

Snow had participated in the investigation leading to the conviction of Arden Brent Bullock, who was found guilty of three counts of child sodomy in 1986. Bullock appealed his conviction, claiming that Snow had suborned false accusations from deluded children. The Utah State Supreme Court upheld Bullock's conviction in 1989, but Justice I. Daniel Stewart offered a significant dissent: "I am aware that child sex abuse crimes are heinous. They often leave lifetime scars . . . but in the natural rush to protect children from abuse, it is essential that judicial procedures designed to sift truth from error not be compromised or perverted." According to Stewart, reliable studies had documented that 55 percent of all child abuse reports are false. But Stewart's comments merely ricocheted off Snow's impregnable sense of moral superiority. Addressing Stewart's dissent during a Salt Lake City meeting of child abuse professionals, Snow said that the opinion reflected "ignorance" about the issue of child sex abuse and remarked, "Justice Stewart's comments reflect a position for which there is no professional consensus . . . his comments display the belief that children can be made to make false allegations when questioned in a therapeutic atmosphere of support [in which the therapist] shows sympathy, encouragement and compassion. Those displays of support do not constitute contamination." But the proper question—one which Snow reflexively avoided—is this: should therapists be allowed to act as criminal investigators?

Last year, Utah public television presented a "documentary" entitled "Promise Not to Tell," which could be considered the "official history" of the Lehi episode. The film was soggy with social purpose: "expert" after "expert" was called upon to sustain Snow's labors with professional opinions. No new facts were disclosed, and Hadfield's supporters shown in the film were used only as polemical clay pigeons to be shot down by the "experts."

Alan Hadfield has remarried and acquired stepchildren. He continues with his probation and his efforts to obtain a new trial. Gilbert Athay, Hadfield's present attorney, believes that the state is in possession of documents that will exonerate Hadfield. Those documents—which include affidavits regarding Snow's techniques and professional history—are being reviewed by Judge Christensen. As reopening the Hadfield case would leave the state vulnerable to criticism for its handling of the episode, there is little hope that a new trial will occur any time soon.

Barbara Snow continues to work as a "therapist" in Utah, although her professional standing was considerably damaged by the Lehi scandal. No new allegations of sexual abuse have come from Lehi since Hadfield's conviction; the state may consider this to be a vindication of its efforts to "send a message" to abusers. But the conviction of Alan Hadfield has sent a tragically useful message of a different variety: once the state has committed itself to a child abuse investigation, its prestige requires that somebody be punished.

c

House

by John Nixon, Jr.

The major timbers of the family
(*i.e.*, the parents, aunts, and uncles) having
Collapsed, the flimsy cousins, each well on
The way to strangerhood, lay scattered all
Around. They were—predictably—picked up
By carpenters with alien blue prints.

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Reinventing America

by Brian Robertson

"Fox populi."
—Anonymous

Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America
by Garry Wills
New York: Simon & Schuster;
317 pp., $23.00

Anna Mycek-Wodecki

No public figure in American history is more inscrutable than Abraham Lincoln. While this is in some measure due to his extraordinary deftness as a politician, it is primarily the result of his astounding success in refounding the Republic in his own image. So thoroughly did Lincoln reform our collective historical and political consciousness that it has become almost impossible for us to appreciate the intellectual revolution he achieved.

With *Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America*, Garry Wills surmounts these obstacles to a fuller appreciation of Lincoln's significance. By a detailed look into the rhetorical and political sources that Lincoln drew on in his famous address, Wills allows us to hear the familiar words anew with all of their original force and meaning. More importantly, he leaves us better equipped to reexamine Lincoln's complex political legacy.

The Lincoln of popular mythology is the unassuming back-woods lawyer who, distinguished by a sort of folk wisdom and an uncanny knack for the right words at the right time, guided the country through its greatest crisis to date, saving the nation from destruction at the hands of Southern politicians and abolishing slavery in the process. Wills reveals to us an altogether different creature: a consummate politician whose melancholy aspect and homespun manner of speaking were carefully contrived. Far from being unsophisticated, Lincoln was thoroughly a man of his time, familiar with the latest intellectual trends (including Transcendentalism—which had a direct influence on him through the thought of the radical abolitionist and spiritualist Theodore Parker) and driven from a young age by an eerie sense of destiny and a burning ambition to effect great changes. Indeed, as the book's subtitle indicates, Wills argues that Lincoln achieved a political and intellectual revolution of major proportions at Gettysburg, reconstituting the nation on the notion of equality.

While Wills does much to undermine the Lincoln mythology, he has nothing but praise for the genuine article. Ironically, the figure that emerges bears resemblance to the Lincoln portrayed by his most vigorous critics; Willmoore Kendall and M.E. Bradford, among others, long ago made the claim that Lincoln had set out to dissolve the original constitutional compact and create a new nation. At the time they were vilified as cranks—they still are vilified for that matter—but their theories have found sudden respectability in academic circles, if Wills and the Princeton historian James McPherson (whose recent book on Lincoln has a similar thesis) are any indication. The main point of contention appears now to be whether this recreation of the United States was a good thing.

Wills is unreserved in his opinion that it was. While the portions of his book that explore the background of the address (the Greek revival in architecture and oratory, the rural cemetery movement which was part of that revival, the Transcendentalist and political roots of Republican ideology) are fascinating and convincing scholarship, the essence of the book lies elsewhere. Two of the chapter titles, "Revolution in Thought" and "Revolution in Style," convey the author's central thesis. According to Wills, Lincoln was the first prominent figure to understand that the age of flowery, long-winded oration was over; that the pace of modern life required a more compact, incisive way of communicating, one which achieved the largest possible impact in the fewest possible words. In this, he was a precursor to Mark Twain, and hence to all of modern American literature. Closely related to this revolution in style is Lincoln's innovative use of religious symbolism in a secular context: by his literary talents, Lincoln was able to create a civic religion, which substituted political ideals

Brian Robertson is a freelance writer living in Princeton, New Jersey.

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for moral ones. While it was far from unusual for American politicians in the era before Lincoln to invoke God and quote scripture in their speeches, it had always been done in the *pro forma* manner expected of public figures in a Christian nation. In his liberal use of scriptural metaphor, Lincoln demonized his political enemies in an unprecedented way and succeeded in putting the coming reign of Truth and Justice in a political context for the first time. His greatest speeches (including the Gettysburg Address) borrow biblical images meant to illustrate the kingdom of God, using them out of context in order to explain a political objective in the kingdom of man.

The fact that explicitly atheistic philosophies have never been able to gain the influence in America that they hold in Western Europe is more the result of this infusion of the language of faith into our public discourse than a sign of a successful resistance to secularization. That we retain the language of traditional belief in the face of rampant materialism is explained by the fact that much of that belief was transferred to our political institutions and to the idea that they could bring about the ultimate fulfillment of the individual. Religion has been so confused with patriotism in the public mind that God's role has been reduced to that of a cheerleader for the hegemony of American political and economic ideas the world over, rather than the source of an objective morality for individuals. The revolution in political rhetoric introduced by Lincoln made possible this confusion, as well as the absolute and uncritical faith in mere political abstractions, such as "free speech" and "democratization," that we find today.

The revolution in thought had even greater repercussions. The sources for Lincoln's understanding of the Union and the central, almost obsessive, role of the Declaration of Independence in that understanding, go a long way toward explaining what some scholars have seen as a puzzling inconsistency concerning slavery. While his defense of the notion of inseparable union took much from Daniel Webster and the New England tradition of constitutional law, his elevation of the principle of equality to the rule by which political systems must be measured owed more to the Transcendentalist school of Parker. The latter notion was, Wills notes, so radical that the pro-Lincoln *Chicago Times* criticized the President in the strongest possible terms for his extremism: "It was to uphold this Constitution, and the Union created by it, that our officers and soldiers gave their lives at Gettysburg. How dare he, then, standing on their graves, misstate the cause for which they died, and libel the statesmen who founded the government? They were men possessing too much self-respect to declare that negroes were their equals, or were entitled to equal privileges."

This should remind us that the vast majority of those who participated in or supported Lincoln's effort to put down the rebellion in the South did not in any way conceive of the conflict as a war of abolition, or even, for that matter, as an affirmation of the equality of men. They saw it in precisely the terms in which Lincoln had previously presented it: an effort to preserve the original constitutional compact. At Gettysburg, as Wills puts it, they had their "intellectual pocket picked" when Lincoln substituted the "proposition" of equality for the constitutional rule of law as the nation's founding principle.

This is not to say that the reading of the Constitution outlined at Gettysburg was without precedent in Lincoln's previous pronouncements on the subject. Indeed, despite the fact that it was not fully elaborated until the debates with Douglas, the essentials were already in place as early as the 1840's; what varied was Lincoln's presentation of it. To abolitionist audiences, as at his "House Divided" address at Springfield in 1860, he went after slavery directly, making it clear that he would not tolerate its continued existence on the continent. Yet two years earlier, in his debates with Stephen Douglas in southern Illinois, he had explicitly played the race card for his white listeners, whose fear of economic competition led them to oppose not only the spread of slavery but also the idea of free blacks residing in their state. And in his first Inaugural Address, he pledged support for a constitutional amendment that would have prevented any interference with slavery in the states where it existed.

This seemingly blatant inconsistency begins to dissolve when we see that opposition to slavery was not, in fact, what motivated Lincoln. He certainly found the Peculiar Institution personally distasteful, and one might even say that he based his political career on his opposition to it. But if he regarded slavery as an evil, it was chiefly because slavery in the South was the immediate political barrier to his vision of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" (a phrase he lifted from Parker). In other words, he saw it not so much as a moral evil as a political evil. Slavery was problematic because it, as well as the entire states' rights philosophy it supported, stood in the way of the new society Lincoln wished to found. If the new order could be founded without immediate abolition, so be it; if not, he would proceed with abolition. (Lincoln thought the best solution would be to send the slaves back to Africa.)

To grasp the difference between the old order and the new, we must understand the difference between a society based on the established rule of law, however imperfect, and one based on the approximation of an abstract idea. Lincoln found his idea of equality not in the Constitution but in the second line of the Declaration of Independence. Following his mystic mentor Parker, he believed that the aim of the Founders was to "protect each man in the entire and actual enjoyment of all the unalienable rights"—an agenda that sounds strangely contemporary. In this way each man, beginning life on an equal footing with his fellow citizens, could be guaranteed the right to use all the fruits of his own labors, as well as to rise as high as his talents and ingenuity could take him.

The only problem with this grand and inspiring vision is that it did not (and still does not) correspond with life as we find it in the real world. The Founding Fathers may have had high hopes for the American experiment in self-government, but the very thing that inspired their optimisim about the prospect for freedom was the firm constitutional limitation on the arbitrary and potentially tyrannical use of federal power. The idea that the government in Washington could be the guarantor of that freedom—and indeed would intervene in state affairs, using an abstract measure of "equality," to safeguard that freedom wherever it might be violated—would have struck them as absurd. The federal government was precisely the thing they sought freedom *from*.

When an abstract ideal replaces inherited law as a measure of the validity

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of all the personal and professional relationships and activities in a society, the stage is set for endless social strife, bitterness, and contention. For things can always be conceived as becoming more "equal" than they now are in practice, and few men see their lot in life, whether it be the one they receive at birth or the one they achieve through toil, as proportionate to what they deserve according to the ideal. A leviathan bureaucracy is needed to protect everyone against all perceived injustice—which is a reasonable description of our current government and how it functions. This Lincolnian conception of government thrives on the politics of discontent, whereas its legitimate end should be the common good of a stable and contented populace. It cannot stop at equalizing opportunity (a fairly arbitrary judgment in itself); it must prove the equality of opportunity it has created by demonstrating equality of outcome. The lack of equality in the real world merely justifies its further assumption of power and intrusion into private lives.

The leveling impulse that begins by guaranteeing equal access to happiness can only end by sacrificing the common good on the altar of individual rights. In the course of guaranteeing each individual's "right" to pursue his happiness in any way he pleases, by making sure that every "lifestyle," every opinion, and every belief is treated equally, the government has overthrown all of our original conceptions of self-government. The Founders understood that government by the people requires each community, from the most basic (the family) to the most comprehensive (the nation), to assume the autonomy to pursue a vision of its own common good, decisively encouraging some types of behavior while discouraging others. The smaller community should incure interference from the larger only when it demonstrates some failure in fulfilling its duties, whether due to lack of means or lack of ability. In the name of the completely autonomous individual, we have become incapable of conceiving—much less pursuing—any vision of the common good, because we no longer recognize that the mediating role of these communities between the individual and the state is necessary for genuine self-rule.

Wills' book reminds us that Lincoln is at the center of the debate over the future of the Republic. Do conservatives think that federal judges and bureaucrats have merely moved off course in interpreting their proper mandate to achieve a just society? Or should that role be reserved primarily for state and local legislatures, by means of positive law? Should we return real power to citizens to direct their corporate destiny, or should we leave that destiny in the hands of "visionaries" on the Supreme Court or in the White House? The widespread and predictable disappointment over recent "conservative" Presidents and their appointments to the Court indicates that more fundamental remedies might be in order.

c

BRIEF MENTIONS

CITY LIFE
by Frederick Feirstein
Brownsville, Oregon: Storyline Press; 85 pp., $10.95

Two generations of poets ago Hart Crane called for the creation of a verse that would embrace modern life and find shifting gears as natural an act as plowing a field. Many poets have attempted to carry out this project, but almost always with the mawkish self-consciousness that rings as false as a jazz symphony or a rock opera.

Frederick Feirstein is different—in many ways. As a practicing psychoanalyst who makes an honest living, he does not depend upon the grants, medals, and academic promotions for which the cloistered and NEA-dependent poets strive. He is free to write his formal and intelligible verse without apologies; indeed, he is among the most interesting of the new formalists. But Feirstein parts company with most of the new formalists both in his choice of subject and in the height of his ambition. It is modern life, in all its terror, ugliness, and perverted beauties that he has chosen as his subject, and he is more at home describing a mugging than naming the flowers in a garden, more likely to talk about drug addiction, divorce, abortion, and murder than to "descant upon the supreme theme of art and song."

In his recent volume *City Life*, we are introduced to a cast of characters and a neighborhood that might have formed the subject of a Lou Reed album. In "Abortion," a woman whose boyfriend "betrayed her with a woman / twice her age and a boy half," lies in her bed and "runs the twisted bedsheet between her legs / and can't understand why he not she is allowed to exist." In "The Shawl," an analyst describes his daughter's attempt to discover her roots and find spiritual satisfaction:

> She died in bed, a Delhi gutter, cut
> More often than a Christian saint.
> Her begging cup ran over with her blood.
> A Third World proselytizer shouldn't faint!
> A begging gang had sewn her mild mouth shut,
> A lesson for the other Hesse kids.
> Never again would she eat their precious trash.
> Never again compete for *Baksheesh* (alms).

Feirstein is merciless on the 60's platitudes that destroyed an entire generation of American kids, one of whom grows up into a headhunter who reads the *Wall Street Journal* but still dabbles in revolution. But running through his bitter and all-too-real portraits of urban life is a broad streak of compassion for the victims. The divorced man, whose wife blamed him for all the time she wasted watching soaps, looks at "his walls . . . soiled with his children's handprints" and wonders what to do to "fill Time's empty giftboxes? Smoke / his fingers brown, walk out at midnight / hoping to get mugged, snort coke?"

Snippets do not do justice to a volume that is not an anthology but a coherent whole combining narrative and drama. So far as I am concerned, Feirstein's verse is the best thing to come out of psychiatry, including the complete works of Sigmund Freud.

—Thomas Fleming

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Muddling Masses

by David Simcox

"My opinion with respect to immigration is that, except of useful mechanics and some particular descriptions of men or professions, there is no need of encouragement."

—George Washington

Mass Immigration and the National Interest
by Vernon M. Briggs, Jr.
Armonk, New York: M.E. Sharpe, Inc.;
287 pp., $49.95 (hardback),
$19.95 (paperback)

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In May 1991 rioting Central American immigrants looted and burned stores and destroyed police cars in Mount Pleasant, a declining, "multicultural" Washington neighborhood that overlooks the White House and Capitol Hill two miles away. Never before had the failures of anachronistic immigration policies been so blatantly displayed on the doorstep of the policymakers. A year-long inquiry into the riots by a D.C. special panel and the U.S. Civil Rights Commission not surprisingly fingered "police insensitivity" and the denial of "political voice" and "adequate services" to Latinos as root causes of the violence and cited the adverse effects of joblessness, crowded housing, and lack of social assistance on Central American immigrants.

The fact-finding commissions and D.C. city officials were nearly unanimous in ignoring immigration as a factor, except to score the Immigration and Naturalization Service for harassment of illegal aliens. Only city councilman Crawford (who is black) risked suggesting that the immigrants themselves might be causes as well as victims of joblessness and crowding and that they are in competition with local residents for jobs, space, and services. None of the city's public officials were prepared to recognize the INS officers as guardians of urban peace protecting the community from an accumulation of just the sort of social tinder that flared at Mt. Pleasant. But Vernon Briggs, a labor economist at Cornell University, believes

Anna Mecek-Wodecki

that urban tensions, a growing underclass, rising illiteracy, and chronic imbalances in the labor market are inevitable fruits of three decades of misguided immigration policies. These policies have, without much thought or debate in regard to the national interest, accepted mass immigration as a permanent transforming feature of our social landscape.

By Briggs' definition, "mass immigration" implies more than just numbers. (The nation accepted its highest-ever annual influx in 1990 when 1.8 million immigrants received green cards, more even than during the peak years of Ellis Island.) For Briggs, immigration is also massive in its accumulated momentum and in its effects on American society and the American economy. Most troubling for the author is the fact that the current flood offers no prospect of a let-up, such as the nation experienced between 1921 and 1965, giving the country an opportunity to acculturate the newcomers. Instead it persists and swells in disregard of economic trends and social stresses in the United States. With government statistics chronically understating the inflow, Briggs urges honesty in assessing the full magnitude of the immigration problem, which includes legal and illegal immigrants, refugees and asylees, unsuccessful asylum claimants who remain anyhow, and the proliferating category of long-staying temporary workers—all of whom account for 1.2 million new settlers per year. More than half of these entrants enter the labor market. Forty percent of the new job-seekers concentrate themselves in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Miami, all areas that have been plagued by major job deficits for the past two years or more.

Briggs, whose sensitivity in dealing with this loaded issue matches his courage in arguing it for nearly two decades, does not blame the immigrants, who are only responding rationally to opportunities stemming from America's absence of mind. But their effect is no less pernicious. Huge numbers of unskilled and often illegal immigrants pour into labor markets awash in unemployment, into communities with low-cost housing shortages, onto the public assistance rolls of cities already deeply in the red, and into struggling urban public school systems already unable to produce literate graduates. And America's political class will not even talk about it.

How did we inherit an immigration policy that in Dr. Briggs' delicate phrase is so "unaccountable" for its consequences? Briggs traces the crisis to the 1965 reforms of the Immigration and Nationality Act. President Lyndon Johnson declared war on American poverty in 1964. Yet no irony was perceived the following year when LBJ and Congress agreed on sweeping new immigration legislation that would step up the *importation* of poverty. Washington

David Simcox is a senior fellow at the Center for Immigration Studies.

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ignored the connections between immigration, economics, and poverty, preferring to extend the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the spirit of the "Great Society" to the entire world. While the 1965 act is best remembered for its removal of national origin quotas, the measure also established family reunification as the dominant criterion for granting immigrant status. The fact of whom you are related to in the United States crowded out the question of what you might do for the country.

Already by 1965 the United States was well into a period of economic transition. The labor force was growing rapidly, and its composition was changing due to an influx of baby boomers, women, and minorities seeking jobs. Manufacturing was declining as a provider of high-wage, semiskilled jobs. Employment in services was spiraling. America's public schools were lagging in providing the skills needed by postindustrial America. Industries were migrating to the Sun Belt, along with much of the population. The flight to the South or to the suburbs left the inner neighborhoods of once-prosperous industrial cities crowded with poor and unskilled people chasing fewer and fewer jobs, while declining resources for social services and job training were stretched further still by rising numbers of needy immigrants.

What Briggs calls the "human capital" characteristics of the swelling immigrant flow have run completely counter to the changing requirements of the job market. Immigration (partly illegal immigration) has become a major contributor to adult illiteracy in the United States. A majority of immigrants, like many inner-city Americans, lack the skills needed in a changing economy. They must seek employment in declining sectors like goods-producing industries, services, and retail—such as eating and drinking establishments. These are the same sectors—and often the same urban labor markets—where less-skilled American minorities seek their jobs. The result, Briggs warns, is further racial polarization and the expansion of the underclass. Regarding the explosion in Los Angeles, he has since written, "Whether intended or not, the present immigration policy is a revived instrument of institutional racism. It provides a way to bypass the national imperative to address the employment, job preparation and housing needs of much of the urban black population." Briggs speculates on what opportunities would exist for the country's urban unemployed if immigrants had not collected in sensitive labor markets.

Social scientists such as George Borjas, Lars Jensen, and Barry Chiswick have documented the declining skills and adaptability of immigrants since the 1960's: less education on arrival, lower earnings, higher rates of unemployment and welfare dependence, and poverty rates half again as high as the national average. These findings will come as a surprise to many Americans. Politicians glide over the realities of these trends with anecdotes about Vietnamese valedictorians, Chinese tennis champions, Russian émigré entrepreneurs, and Salvadorans with big savings accounts. In flight from the consequences of unselective immigration, politicians and commentators substitute nostrums and incantations for debate and inquiry. "Admissionists" suggest that immigrants do not use welfare (over 20 percent of California's welfare clients are foreign born), pay more in taxes than they take out in services, provide needed skills while somehow taking only the jobs no one else wants, create jobs, and abstain from crime. A lot of immigrants do fit this mold. But a large and growing number do not and never will.

Sadly, in Vernon Briggs' opinion, the 1990 immigration overhaul is just as blind to economic needs as the 1965 act was: immigration remains a political policy, not accountable for its economic effects; family reunification and refugee arrangements will produce higher numbers of immigrants than ever, and immigrants chosen for their skills will be fewer than 10 percent of the total; admission of long-staying temporary workers has become easier and more frequent, further discouraging the training and recruitment of American workers; the 1990 act offers little help in curbing illegal immigration, while opening the door to further settlement of the less skilled through virtually open-ended "temporary protected status."

Briggs wonders how there can be looming shortages of less-skilled labor (an argument made in support of the 1990 reforms) in a nation with 36 million functionally illiterate residents. Spot shortages of skilled workers can be met by better training these Americans, by allowing market forces to operate, and by using in limited numbers and only as a last resort transitory foreign workers. Briggs' alternative to immigration as a labor-market remedy is to "retrain the unskilled and relocate the skilled." Meanwhile, the number of people entering the labor force will begin to increase again in the mid-1990's: by 2005, almost three million will be added each year to a base level set in 1990. But apparently Washington's faith in the self-adjusting powers of the financial market does not extend to its management of immigration and labor.

Now more than ever, our immigration system is more politics than economics, more ideology than policy. The unspoken justification underlying all national analysis or debate is nothing more complex than "We've always done it this way." Policy choices are driven by special-interest pressure with rarely a nod toward any larger national interest or manipulated by the self-serving claims of church, ethnic, and civil rights lobbies who argue that the special interests *are* the national interest. Among the most effective players in this game are the wily lobbyists of the nation's law industry, the American Bar Association, and the American Immigration Lawyers Association. Writing before the Los Angeles riots, Briggs warned that continuing the prevailing policy of unguided immigration can only worsen social tensions: "by providing competition and alternatives, the large and unplanned influx of immigrant labor will serve to maintain the social marginalization of many citizen blacks and citizen Hispanics. If so, the rare chance afforded by the employment trends of the 1990's to reduce significantly the economically disadvantaged population and the underclass will be lost for another generation."

Briggs' conclusion is that American immigration policy has become "mechanistic, nepotistic, legalistic, and inflexible." If that venerable American institution, the Federal Reserve, ran on similar principles, the money supply would be expanded in times of hyperinflation; interest rates would be based not on current and future trends but on numbers and assumptions set in stone in 1965 and 1990; and preferential interest rates would go to relatives of yesteryear's borrowers. But then money, unlike the welfare of American citizens, is something the federal government really cares about. c

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Freudianism and Its Discontents

by William Kilpatrick

Freudian Fraud: The Malignant Effect of Freud's Theory on American Thought and Culture
by E. Fuller Torrey, M.D.
New York: HarperCollins; 362 pp., $25.00

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Freudian Fraud has an intriguing but difficult-to-prove thesis, namely that Freudian thought radically altered American society for the worse. An "audit of Freud's American account," says Torrey, shows more debits than credits. He believes the chief liability inherent in the Freudian system is its tendency to undermine traditional notions of responsibility.

"Don't blame me, blame my parents" has been a constant refrain in American therapy and American life ever since Freud's ideas came to these shores. As Torrey points out in a chapter on the Freudianization of criminology, it was just such a defense that was put forward in the sensational Leopold-Loeb trial of 1924. Defense lawyer Clarence Darrow simply passed the buck for the crime onto the parents of Leopold and Loeb. William Alanson White, one of the three psychiatrists who testified for the defense later called for "the discarding of the concept of responsibility" for criminal behavior. The same theme of nonresponsibility, says Torrey, can be found in current therapy fads such as the inner-child movement. He quotes John Bradshaw, one of the movement leaders, as saying, "A lot of what we consider to be normal parenting is actually abusive." In Torrey's view, however, adults have more important things to do than lick their childhood wounds.

In tracing the history of Freudian thought in American culture, Torrey succeeds in showing the presence of influential Freudians at crucial junctures and crucial places: in Greenwich Village in the teens and early 20's, on the staff of the *Partisan Review* in the 30's and 40's, in Hollywood in the 40's and 50's, among campus radicals in the 60's (via the influence of Herbert Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, and Paul Goodman). He also traces the influence of Freud on child care (mainly through the writings of Benjamin Spock) and on criminology (the chief carrier in this case being Karl Menninger). He attempts, in addition, to tie the ups and downs of Freudianism to larger historical forces. The fortunes of the Freudian faith took a tumble with the ascendancy of genetic theories in the 20's, then rose again in the 30's when those same theories became identified with Nazism. The Nazi period also saw a significant transfer of European psychoanalysts to America, and this, Torrey suggests, is the main reason Freudian theory took its strongest root in this country.

Torrey's discussions of "race, immigration and the nature-nurture debate" and of "the sexual politics of Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead" are among the most interesting in the book. We learn about anthropologist Franz Boas's battle with the "Anglo elite," the role of the Depression in forcing newly poor Americans to question the genetic theory of poverty, and the great success of Boas's protégés, Margaret Mead and Ruth Benedict, in bringing victory to the nature side of the nature-nurture controversy. Torrey makes a convincing case that both Mead and Benedict allowed their work to be influenced by personal sexual agendas and that both were shoddy researchers. Benedict had no firsthand knowledge of two of the three cultures she compared in *Patterns of Culture*, and Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa* seems to have been based on gross disinformation.

These excursions into anthropology are so interesting that one almost forgets to ask a basic question: where does Freud fit in? Although Torrey establishes the existence of a strong Freudian influence on Boas, Mead, and Benedict, he fails to convince that their work is mainly an effect of Freudianism. One could, for example, argue that the influence of Rousseau on the American anthropologists was just as powerful as the influence of Freud.

The main problem with Torrey's analysis is that, in order to make his case, he often reduces Freudianism to one main idea: the determinative nature of early childhood experiences. If Freudianism is taken to mean that and nothing else, then his case holds up. But his thesis is somewhat less tenable when we consider the wide-ranging and complex nature of Freud's thought. For example, much of what Freud had to say about civilization and repression is at the opposite pole from Margaret Mead's views on the same subjects. Some of Torrey's complaints seem more appropriately directed at popularizers of Freud than at Freud himself.

Nevertheless, Torrey, whose earlier book on the psychiatric incarceration of Ezra Pound is highly regarded, deserves to be taken seriously. *Freudian Fraud* raises important and provocative questions about the influence of psychoanalytic theory on American culture. While one can disagree with Torrey about the degree and scope of that influence, it is difficult to deny that in the course of this century—which Torrey calls the "Freudian century"—we have exchanged a good deal of practical wisdom about the conduct of life for a good deal of highly speculative notions that have only served to make our lives more complicated than they need to be.

William Kilpatrick is a professor of education at Boston College and the author of the recently published Why Johnny Can't Tell Right From Wrong *(Simon & Schuster).*

Acts of Life

by James W. Tuttleton

The Correspondence of Henry James and Henry Adams: 1877-1914
Edited by George Monteiro
Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State University Press; 107 pp., $20.00

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The nearly lifelong friendship of Henry Adams and Henry James, both now accepted as writers of towering stature, was one of the most engaging yet contrary relationships in our literary history. And to experience it—in the correspondence that George Monteiro

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has now splendidly edited—is to come to know what Adams called the "type bourgeois-bostonien." In old age Adams had nothing but disdain for the achievements of this type—himself, James, William Wetmore Story, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, Bronson Alcott, and James Russell Lowell. All of us, he told James in 1903, "were in actual fact only one mind and nature; the individual was a facet of Boston. We knew each other to the last nervous centre, and feared each other's knowledge." What they knew, Adams thought, was that Harvard and Unitarianism had kept them shallow; and out of this Boston matrix had arisen their profound ignorance, their introspective self-distrust, and the nervous self-consciousness that vitiated them all.

Of course, Henry James did everything possible to avoid being thought a bourgeois Bostonian, as his satirical novel *The Bostonians* (1886) makes plain. To Adams, the expatriate James was impersonating, in his straitened way, the bearing of an English earl; yet he produced a library of brilliant fiction that beggars most other Boston literary accomplishments—Adams's excepted.

James had known Adams's wife, Clover Hooper, before he knew Adams, and after their marriage, whenever he visited Washington or they London, he settled in at their hearth for what was perhaps the best conversation in town. Clover thought James made too free with their hospitality. She told her father in 1880 that "Mr. James . . . comes in every day at dusk & sits by our fire but is a frivolous being dining out nightly. Tomorrow being an off night he has invited himself to dine with us." Invariably they argued about the merits of life in America versus Europe. The Adamses, James told Sir John Clark, "don't pretend to conceal (as why should they?) their preference of America to Europe, and they rather rub it in to me, as they think it a wholesome discipline for my demoralized spirit." Yet their aversion to Europe, he thought, was invidious: "One excellent reason for their liking Washington better than London is that they are, vulgarly speaking, 'someone' here, and that they are nothing in your complicated kingdom."

Yet James was enchanted with "Clover Adamses." Clover was bright, witty, and irreverent; she seemed to James "the incarnation" of his native land. Compared to Englishwomen, she was "a perfect Voltaire in petticoats." She liked James but made it plain to the novelist that he was spending too much time in Europe. And she said about *The Portrait of a Lady* that, while there were nice things in it, she preferred the "big bow-wow style." She told her father that "It's not that [James] 'bites off more than he can chaw,' . . . but he chaws more than he bites off."

Henry Adams's literary accomplishments, in his several histories, the novels *Democracy* (1880), *Esther* (1884), and *The Education* (1907), put the two writers on an equal footing. But how different they were! While James found Adams's "monotonous disappointed pessimism" difficult to take, Adams (descended from a line of Presidents) was what James confessed he would like to be: "a man of wealth and leisure, able to satisfy all his curiosities, while I am a penniless toiler." As James toiled along, creating lords and ladies in *The Princess Casamassima* (1886), *The Wings of the Dove* (1902), and other works, the brooding Adams thought James was pretending "to belong to a world which is as extinct as Queen Elizabeth" and "already as fossil as the buffalo."

The suicide of Clover Adams in 1885 devastated them both. But, paradoxically, as the years passed, their solitude drew James and Adams closer together—especially as, over the years, their mutual friends died off. In 1913 Adams wrote to Elizabeth Cameron that "At about three in the morning I wobble all over the supposed universe. A little indigestion starts whole flocks of strange images, and then I wonder what Henry James is thinking about, as he is my last standard of comparison."

A basis for comparing these two writers of genius, who felt neglected in old age, is suggested by Adams's response to James's autobiography, *Notes of a Son and Brother* (1914), published when both were in their 70's. Adams told Mrs. Cameron that "Poor Henry James thinks it all real, I believe, and actually still lives in that dreamy, stuffy Newport and Cambridge, with papa James and Charles Norton—and me! Yet why? It is a terrible dream, but not so weird as this here which is quite loony." He must have expostulated to James in a similar vein in a letter no longer extant. James answered him on March 21, 1914, with, in my view, a magisterial statement of why he and perhaps every other artist creates. James acknowledged the "unmitigated blackness" of Adams's state of mind: "*Of course* we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of an abyss—if the abyss *has* any bottom; of course too there's no use talking unless one particularly *wants* to." But, James went on to say, "I still find my consciousness interesting," and he urged Adams to cultivate the same within himself:

> You see I still, in presence of life (or of what you deny to be such), have reactions—as many as possible—& the book I sent you is a proof of them. It's because I am that queer monster the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility. Hence the reactions—appearances, memories, many things go on playing upon it with consequences that I note & "enjoy" (grim word!) noting. It all takes doing—& I *do*. I believe I shall do yet again—it is still an act of life.

James, then, wouldn't hear of Adams's throwing in the towel. He had the generosity and acuity to remind Adams that, despite his avowed nihilism, he continued to perform these acts of life himself—in his distinctive letters, essays, and books.

Unfortunately, many of their brilliant and cantankerous letters have not survived. James destroyed most of the correspondence he received in a huge bonfire late in life (people valued privacy then); and Adams destroyed Clover's letters shortly after her death. But these mere 36 letters—29 by James, seven by Adams—are still suggestive testaments of genius, and editor Monteiro has superbly introduced and annotated them so that the whole relationship is nicely condensed in this tender and acerbic but very valuable little collection.

James W. Tuttleton is a professor of English at New York University.

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Second Childhoods

by Brad Linaweaver

Dark Verses & Light
by Thomas M. Disch
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press; 144 pp., $26.00

Neighboring Lives
by Thomas M. Disch and Charles Naylor
Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press; 368 pp., $13.95

The M.D.: A Horror Story
by Thomas M. Disch
New York: Alfred A. Knopf; 384 pp., $22.00

◆

From its beginnings, science fiction (bastard offspring of fantasy) has exerted a vulgar appeal. Some of its proponents have never shied away from this and, if anything, have celebrated the intelligent child's outlook, as witness the career of Ray Bradbury. The majority of science-fiction writers have grown into an awkward adolescence in which conquering the universe provides an uneasy substitute for sexual identity and the avoidance of bankruptcy—a constant theme of Barry Malzberg. But there remain a surly few who refuse to settle for anything less than full maturity, that sterile condition where senility must ultimately replace the sense of wonder. Such apostasy has been the theme of Thomas M. Disch for some time: his goal is not to leave but to *reform* the genre.

Dark Verses & Light is a poetry collection that carries an endorsement by Thomas Fleming, who identifies Disch's writing as "irreverent with a satire that is savage in its restraint." *Neighboring Lives* is a novel about 19th-century writers, intellectuals, and artists back when it meant something to live in Chelsea. *The M.D.* is a horror novel drawing on much fantasy, a little science fiction, and the kitchen sink (or in this case, the scrub basin) to reach the reading audience that really matters: the fans of Stephen King, whose endorsement graces the back cover. Of the three, the most successful happens also to be the most commercial: *The M.D.* Interestingly, it runs afoul of the Disch theory of maturity as expounded in his 1991 article for the *Atlantic*, "Big Ideas and Dead-End Thrills." In this piece, Disch takes T. S. Eliot's unremarkable discovery of "a pre-adolescent mentality" in the works of Edgar Allan Poe and proceeds to criticize the embarrassingly breathless style of the horror and science-fiction stories that owe so much to youthful influence. The trouble with Disch as a critic is that he sabotages the foundations of his subject. Science fiction, fantasy, and horror are *about* excess. The weakness Eliot identified in Poe is actually the genre's essence: abandonment to the "wonders of nature and of mechanics and of the supernatural."

In *The M.D.*, Disch is at his best when describing the childhood experiences of his main character and villain, one William Michaels. After Sister Symphorosa torments little Billy for believing in Santa Claus, the unrepentant child is visited by jolly old Santa; the visitor is actually the god Mercury, lending a certain credence to the bigoted nun's outburst against celebrating pagan gods. He gives Billy a caducean symbol of the medical profession, the twin serpents traditionally associated with the ancient god, cobbled together from a twin-pointed stick and a dead sparrow.

As one might expect from a longtime practitioner of the craft of science fiction, Disch takes an engineer's approach to the subject of magic and curses. The brutal equation of cause and effect means that his magic wand can cure illness as well as inflict it; but the first is paid for by the second. Before the career of the M. D. is over, he has cured AIDS but replaced it with an even worse plague, the airborne ARVIDS. The advantage to him personally is wealth and power. (The world only knows the good he does.) But even as Michaels ascends to his throne, the god Mercury is planning ahead. Even the M. D. is mortal.

The strongest portions of this book are the most elemental and *immature*, in which the simple thrill of discovery in black magic is conveyed. The best dialogue is between the god and young Billy. These childhood scenes have the same evocative power found in Bradbury; it is as if a gulf separates Disch the critic from Disch the writer. It was the critic who bullied Bradbury in the *New York Times* for not being grown up enough; by contrast, Russell Kirk has praised Bradbury's moral imagination (in *Enemies of the Permanent Things*) in language that equally well describes *The M.D.*

The two sides of Disch twine more closely in *Dark Verses & Light*. Blessedly Disch is not above rhyming and scanning as demonstrated in his lead poem, "The Snake in the Manger: A Christmas Legend," a product of the author's lighter side that is also shown in *The Brave Little Toaster*. Here the idea is that the various animals might have

Exiles and Fugitives

The Letters of Jacques and Raïssa Maritain, Allen Tate, and Caroline Gordon

Edited by John M. Dunaway

"Caroline Gordon, Allen Tate, and Jacques and Raïssa Maritain were people on whom little, if anything, was ever lost. They wrote to each other not only of art and philosophy but of their common faith and of the pain and joys of their lives. . . . Thus the correspondence, splendidly edited by John Dunaway, develops a small human comedy played out by four of the most gifted people of our time."—Walter Sullivan

"This correspondence of twenty years between two couples who met in Princeton and New York reflects two movements which are still of historical interest today: the Catholic Revival in France of the 1920s and 1930s; and the fugitive-agrarian southern renaissance in America. . . . By collecting these letters, by annotating them, and translating the French letters, John Dunaway has done a great service for those readers interested in the relationship between belief and literature."—Wallace Fowlie

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brought the Christ Child, with the snake facing the greatest challenge. The anachronisms are funny, as intended. Of the remaining contents, including a "Masque in Five Tableaux" and a short story, the greatest entertainment comes from a few poems by the redoubtable Joycelin Shrager, the story's protagonist, in whom Disch sends up an all too common example of the modern poetess whose poetry can only be distinguished from prose by close scrutiny of the white space at the margins. Here again, Disch does not elude the claims of science fiction: the corny images and shallow sentiments are straight from the preoccupations of fandom.

The book that best serves Disch's vision of literature is *Neighboring Lives*, published with an endorsement from Anthony Burgess. A rambling account of the *literati* of the Victorian era provides him (and his collaborator Charles Naylor) with an opportunity to practice that most mature of the novelist's arts—gossip! So effective is the author's technique that one becomes absorbed in the personal lives of the Carlyles, John Stuart Mill, Whistler, Rossetti, Swinburne, and even Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll). The only drawback is that this remarkable cast of 19th-century luminaries is *observed* rather than used in any dramatically satisfying manner. The only personage who is portrayed as eccentric and egotistical enough to rise above the narrative is Thomas Carlyle, whose passions against everything from the piano to books like this one enable the reader to escape the tediously accurate portrayal of his times.

Admittedly, Disch and Naylor did not set out to write a novel of ideas in the manner of Chesterton or Wells. The disappointment is that Disch's experience with science fiction did not creep up on him, providing a central metaphor or point of view by which his natural talents as a satirist could have made this a great novel. If *Neighboring Lives* is any indication, Disch the novelist may finally satisfy Disch the critic in his flight from the "callowness of youth" and "Big Ideas," as he identified the problem in his piece for the *Atlantic*.

Brad Linaweaver is a member of both the Science Fiction Writers of America and the Horror Writers of America. He has been a Nebula finalist and a Prometheus Award winner.

BRIEF MENTIONS

THE DESERT
by John C. Van Dyke
Layton, Utah: Gibbs Smith; 272 pp., $9.95

That the desert has been time and again the subject of a compelling work of literature— Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta*, Krutch's *The Desert Year*, Abbey's *Desert Solitaire*—is proof both of the infinite subtlety of God the Creator and of the nearly infinite resourcefulness of the genuine literary artist. The word "desert," in fact, has come under attack in recent times as a philistine misnomer, whose most virulent critics are those desert rats who happen as well to be writers. The writer has as his job to make apparent what people ordinarily fail to apprehend, and so it might be thought that, in taking the desert for his subject, he is accepting the highest challenge his craft can offer him. But that is not how it appears to John C. Van Dyke. "And so it is," Van Dyke writes in his "Preface Dedication," "that my book is only an excuse for talking about the beautiful things in this desert world that stretches down the Pacific Coast, and across Arizona and Sonora. The desert has gone a-begging for a word of praise these many years. It never had a sacred poet; in me it has only a lover."

The Desert was originally published by Scribner's in 1901. Van Dyke was an asthmatic art historian and critic at Rutgers who, in the summer of 1898 and at the age of 42, mounted an Indian pony and rode away into the Colorado Desert in the company of his small dog. For the next three years, he crossed and recrossed the "wastes" of California, Arizona, and Mexico, including the Salton Sea Basin; it was during these wanderings that he composed this book, "at odd intervals, when I lay against a rock or propped up in the sand." His training as an art critic explains his wonderful appreciation and understanding of the effects of light across the desert spaces, in the mountains and in the canyons, but his understanding of these phenomena is scientific as well as aesthetic, as is his interest in the physical forces that create and shape the landscape (such as moisture and wind erosion) and in the flora and fauna that inhabit it. Ultimately his love for the desert is a spiritual, rather than an intellectual, passion: "The weird solitude, the great silence, the grim desolation, are the very things with which every desert wanderer eventually falls in love."

Van Dyke was a forerunner of today's environmentalist who lived to see the irrigation of the Imperial Valley: "The desert should never be reclaimed!" he writes. And the final lines of the book are a prophecy, as well as a description: "The glory of the wilderness has gone down with the sun. . . . It is time that we should say goodnight—perhaps a long goodnight—to the desert."

—Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Satyr and Satire

by J.O. Tate

The Satyr
by Robert DeMaria
Sag Harbor, New York: Second Chance Press; 176 pp., $21.95

◆

I think it only right to declare my interest at the outset, for I have known Robert DeMaria for a quarter of a century as a friend and as a colleague at Dowling College. After all these years, I should have learned something from that experience, and just now three pieces of advice come to mind: always accept an offer of homemade lasagna from Professor DeMaria; never raise after he calls during a poker game; and read *The Satyr*, now that you've got a second opportunity.

First published twenty years ago, *The Satyr* is the fourth of DeMaria's 14 novels and stands apart from his other works for its sheer playfulness, its experimental nature, and its brevity. This work denies ordinary reality, focusing on the psychology of the individual—or so it seems, if we are to take at face value the

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claims of the sex maniac who is the narrator.

Without wishing to spoil the book for anyone who hasn't gotten through to the last page, I should discuss "face value" if only to dismiss it later. The narrative purports to be a Gogol-like diary of a madman. Marc McMann, who works as an editor in a publishing house in New York, wants to explain why he must murder his mother, Gertrude. But in explaining his motives he also reveals a satyriasis, a hypertrophy of the imagination, and a bent for philosophy that is compelling if perverse.

Killing your mom ain't easy and Marc flounders at the task, but he does adopt a brilliant stroke. He decides to murder her as someone else: namely, as Claude Elmath, whose anagrammatic name requires that his father hail from Stratford and further implies why the book must end as it does. A flow of allusions to *Hamlet*—and to *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, and *The Tempest* as well—quotations from the sonnets, and reshufflings of soliloquies, themes, and images, all combine to fortify this narrative and establish even its unreliable narrator as an inspired response to Shakespearean provocation. The power of poetry is transformed into the texture of the novel; the mad narrator acts out our dreams and our nightmares even as he acts out the role of Claude Elmath.

His "act" is literally the novel's imposture. The themes of acting, of masks and masquerade, of *eros* vs. *thanatos*, of the Oedipus complex, of the castrating bitch-mother, of the confusion of hate and love, are paraded and drilled in full development. The monstrosity of misplaced desire, the hysteria of incest, the parody of Freudianism, the narcissistic self-love of the masturbator, the vanity of the seducer, the instability of identity—all these are arrayed in full panoply. Somehow through all the couplings and passionate scheming and moaning of the narrator, there emerges what Raymond Chandler once called "a quality of redemption." There's something positively good about the crazy Marc McMann and his struggles with his self and with his mom.

The power even of "Marc McMann" to dominate reality by his utterances, to capture our provisional allegiance through his voice, and to compel belief in his unbelievable diary, is itself a demonstration and a celebration of the magic of narrative, of the potent hocus-pocus of writing, and of the reader's necessary complicity in imaginary creation. If, by a false etymology, *The Satyr* satirizes the swinging 60's, it also trumpets the death-defying sway of Shakespeare—and even its own spellbinding strength as a page-turner.

Marc himself says, "I am a very unusual person. I am, for one thing, a kind of literary genius. I dream metaphors. I know the secret meanings of words. I understand the magic of poetry. I feel, at times, that I can open my mouth and allow to issue there from a stream of verbal music." The proof of the pudding justifies his swagger, though not, of course, in the sense he means. He also says, as he maneuvers to kill his mother, "I used to get up at dawn and read furiously until it was time to go to school." Behind these words lies the author's, not the narrator's, keen awareness of the allegory of composition he has encoded in the frenzied fable of Marc McMann.

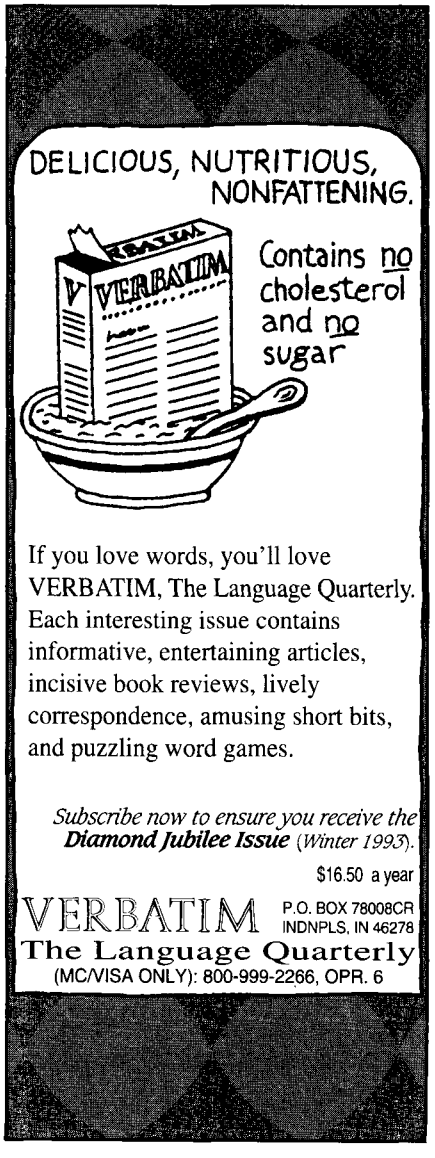
Like a poker player peering over his cards and trying to maintain his deadpan expression, Robert DeMaria is nothing if not sly. Though the author once had the narrator's publishing job, there can be no confusion between them. The preemptive dismissal of *Portnoy's Complaint* on page 140 ("You shouldn't be reading things like that") is a tricky aversion of just the comparison that suggests itself—one which this novel easily withstands. And I must admit that references here to one Aldo Zappulla, a theatrical supplier, and to a hotel named the Saxon Arms, are the sort of thing that must elicit a knowing smile only from those who have spent rather too much time in Oakdale, New York—the glosses will wind up in a dissertation one day. Nevertheless, I will point out here, at least as far as the second in-joke is concerned, that the legend of Hamlet is derived from Saxo Grammaticus—the Saxon who could write Latin.

Our collaboration with the author ends with the foisting of perhaps the most outrageous "happy ending" in literary history—one that is literally self-effacing. In a consumption devoutly to be wished, the sack of the story is pulled inside-out by an "act" not so much of self-destruction as of auto-deconstruction. And having come thus far in this conspiracy of reading and writing and imagining together, we may be ready to understand just how right it is that the words *grammar* and *glamor* are cognates. Perhaps that makes Robert DeMaria an Italo-Americo Grammaticus; or perhaps it goes to show that Shakespeare wasn't the only one to wave Prospero's wand.

The point is that in a period of declining artistic resource and of degeneration in the publishing industry, the reappearance of *The Satyr* is particularly appropriate and welcome. Its affinities with some of the experiments of Poe, James, and Nabokov are self-recommending, and the laughter and wonder it inspires are self-rewarding. And the pleasure of pondering the teasing puns on Marc McMann's name and other such quibbles is only one of the reasons we like the cards to be dealt down and dirty.

Check to you.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.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Letter From South Carolina

by William P. Baldwin

Family, Films, and Fallacy

◆

There's something about a book sale. The blood quickens, the nostrils flare, the eyes narrow. Anyway, it's for a good cause. The "Friends of the Library" are putting it on, and somewhere among those one hundred thousand used books is at least one of value. The doors open and in we rush. Almost at once, I've got my hands on an 1891 edition of *Men of Iron*, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. I flip through it and deliberate a solid minute before deciding not to spend two whole dollars. The book dealer coming behind me snatches it up.

"You know that's a hundred-dollar book?" he asks with just a tiny hint of triumph.

"Sure," I answer. "I always throw a few scraps to you dealers."

"What else have you got?" he asks.

"One of Kael's early commentaries." I press my remaining book to my chest, shielding it with both arms. "Only four were printed, and the Vatican has the other three."

Easy come. Easy go. I passed up a valuable classic by my beloved Howard Pyle and went home with a paperback edition of *Deeper into Movies* by Pauline Kael. The loss wasn't total. Once upon a time, I admired Pauline Kael. I even subscribed to the *New Yorker* just to read her movie reviews. And she resigned from the magazine immediately after that and worked for director Robert Altman until my subscription ran out. I forgave her that. *Deeper into Movies* was a collection of slightly earlier reviews (1969-1972) and I was curious. What had been running through her mind, not to mention my own?

Not much, it turns out. She mentions "honest cynicism" and "genuine sophistication" and accuses us of letting unhappy people make our movies. I flipped over a few thousand pages and found this: "But since crime is caused by deprivation, misery, psychopathology, and social injustice, *Dirty Harry* is a deeply immoral movie." She doesn't say whether director-star Clint Eastwood is happy or not.

So much for memory lane. Years ago, I stopped relying on what Pauline Kael thought, and, after a piece on the movie *Witness*, I stopped reading her *New Yorker* reviews altogether. For the uninitiated, that one had Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis. He was a tough Philadelphia detective, she was a beautiful Amish widow, and they found a few moments of true happiness together in the bucolic farmlands of Pennsylvania. There was more, of course. Her son was the innocent witness of a violent crime committed by some corrupt Philadelphia policemen who come out to the farm to kill the detective and the boy and the entire Amish community if need be. But in the end Harrison gets the villains and leaves the peace-loving Amish because at heart he's a violent man who wants action.

Pauline Kael hated *Witness*. She announced that the movie was a thinly disguised attack on urban America. (Though the few minutes of city scenes occur in Philadelphia, I assumed she was defending New York.) If memory serves, she also claimed that the barn-raising scene was stolen straight out of *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. The Amish were just as corrupt as the rest of the human race, and, what was worse, the movie even showed them praying. Can you believe that? Amish praying? Pauline couldn't and said *Witness* was a thinly disguised attack on all that she held near and dear.

Did any of you see the movie *Fail Safe*, in which the United States accidently shoots a nuclear missile at Moscow and to make up for it President Henry Fonda has to drop a hydrogen bomb on New York City? Well, that's what I call a thinly veiled attack on New York City. But, I'm wandering. I want to draw attention to the movie *Paradise*, which was released last year on video. A small part of it was shot here in McClellanville, and the rest was done in the nearby and similar fishing community of Rockville. Don't expect me to say I didn't like it. My friends and relatives were extras, and half of them were sitting in the theater with my wife and me. Having a real live movie crew in town was exciting for a lot of people, especially the children, who were drawn to it daily. The biggest thing since the carnival passed through in 1938, and the only down side was that main street traffic was halted for what seemed like hours on end for days on end. Actually, the final shot was never completed, because one killjoy locked her car doors and blew her horn until the tents were folded and McClellanville abandoned. And in return for this inconvenience we got about four minutes of film immortality. Was it worth it? Sure. You bet. If nothing else, it reminded us that we are living in and taking for granted what many people would consider a beautifully serene paradise. You bet. You bet. You bet.

Paradise is what's now called a "weepy, feel-gooder" that concerns a couple coming to terms with the loss of a child. A young city boy comes to visit them for the summer. He makes friends with a young local girl, and everything works out all right. The movie got good reviews from the respectable "feel-good" critics. The "don't feel-good" critics hated it. They said it's plodding and manipulative. It is. The writer-director borrowed the plot from the French film *Le Grand Chemin*, and after about ten minutes you start wishing for some subtitles to read or maybe even the Dow-Jones averages. Anything. The original was certainly better—richer, rawer, even believable—but curiously, the few places the American movie deviates (the local girl's relationship to her waitress mother, roller-skating father, and aristocratic neighbor) are the few places the film comes alive.

That's not so important, though. What really matters about *Paradise* is that it stars Don Johnson and his real-life wife Melanie Griffith. Why does this matter, you ask? Well, Don got famous playing the flashy nonacting narcotics detective on the television show *Miami Vice*. Melanie was in a bad slump then, but she got back on top with *Working Girl*, *Bonfire of the Vanities*, etc. (Don't ask me why I know all

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this and why I watched every episode of *Miami Vice* at least twice.) Don needed a break and got one in *Paradise*. He and wife Melanie don't embarrass themselves. (Which would have been easy enough playing against their accustomed grain and alongside two quite capable children.) They make a credible troubled couple. You can believe they're married and that they've fought. I think both kinds of critics agreed on this, so I'm not going out on a limb.

But it's time to finish. The theater was full, and even if half the people in there happened to be extras in the movie, that doesn't change the fact that this was going to be at least a modest box-office success. And why? Well, *Paradise* may have been plodding and coldbloodedly sentimental, but it was targeted at women and children and men who spend time with their families. (Just like Don did in the movie.) Also, there were no decapitations in this movie. No car chases. In some sheltered corners of real-life America we can go centuries without a decapitation and decades without a car chase. And here we are at the crux of the matter—the dreaded imitative fallacy. If real life is made up of unspoken tragedies and small moments of joy and men don't emote any more than Don Johnson (plenty don't emote at all) and real-life women go without makeup and have silly lisps like Melanie Griffith and children are quietly wise beyond their years (that's "natural piety," to you and me)—and if this simpleness is the stuff of real life, then why would anyone want to go to the movies to see it? *Because it's not the stuff of real life anymore.*

Now, there's a frightening thought. The uneventful pastoral is now the true escapism? Is that much car chasing and mayhem actually taking place in urban America? The young hero of the movie seemed to imply this, for when the girl brags of seeing the dead at funerals, he tops her by saying he passes them on the city streets all the time. Wait a minute. You don't suppose *Paradise* is another thinly veiled attack on New York City? Well, I guess it could be, but at least the movie didn't show them praying. True, Don and Melanie attended church. I won't deny that. But he sat with arms folded and she fell asleep. They didn't pray. Thank God for small mercies.

William P. Baldwin writes from McClellanville, South Carolina.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Race Politics: Part One

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Yes, I know I promised to write about the Georgia state flag controversy, but that prospect was too depressing. Let me address instead a couple of more entertaining topics, namely the 43rd annual Mountain Dew Southern 500 NASCAR Winston Cup Series Race and the recent presidential election. By the time you read this you'll know who won the election, and it's a matter of record that Darrell Waltrip won the Southern 500, but there's a connection here that you may not be aware of. It was at the Darlington Raceway on Sunday, last September 6, that I finally realized that George Bush was in serious trouble.

Although I grew up twenty miles from the NASCAR track in Bristol, this was the first race I'd ever been to. When I was a lad stockcar racing had an image problem—and not just an image problem. A very funny novel called *Stand On It* describes the drivers of my youth:

> Fact of life: southern stock car drivers are mean bastards and they have dirt under their fingernails and chickens--t on the bottoms of their boots. The backs of their necks are red. They race all day and drink all night. . . . Plus a lot of interpretive fighting with tire irons. It's their form of ballet.

And fans were cut from the same cloth: "Every other one has a wooden match in the corner of his mouth and a bottle in a brown paper bag between his feet. They are fine when the race starts—I suppose. By maybe the 250-mile mark they are all liquored up and the safest place to be is upside down out there on the g--dam track."

A chubby, bespectacled teenager survives by knowing where not to go, so I reached mid-life familiar with racing only at second hand—from more adventurous friends, from forgettable drive-in movies with titles like *Red Line 7,000* and *Thunder Over Carolina*, and from Tom Wolfe's classic 1965 article about Junior Johnson, the "Last American Hero" (which, incidentally, introduced the Southern phrase "good old boy" to the rest of the world). Besides, the sport itself didn't interest me much. From time to time I ran across race coverage on the radio, but listening to it seemed about as pointless as listening to bowling. And racing wasn't much better on television: 'round and around and around and around we go, as Chubby Checker puts it.

Americanism

Revolutionary Order and Societal Self-Interpretation in the American Republic

Jürgen Gebhardt

Translated by Ruth Hein

Gebhardt's *Americanism* analyzes the origins of the American public philosophy. Through careful scrutiny of the writings of the Founding Fathers—and with a special emphasis on those of John Adams—Gebhardt studies the philosophical and Christian roots of the American ideas of republicanism and revolution. The keen and observant eye he casts on the structure of the American republic makes this a first-rate work.

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But someone who purports to know the South needs to know the NASCAR scene, so I jumped at the chance to go to Darlington with a buddy of mine who has been going for many years and has even written about it once or twice. At the crack of dawn on race day, he and I set off for South Carolina, he pointing out such sights along the way as Eunice's Grocery ("Home of Flat Nose, the World's Only Tree Climbing Dog") and a combination house of prostitution and—well, I'd better not say, but you'd never guess.

We pulled into the town of Darlington about the time the hungover Saturday-night infield revelers were waking up and popping their first beers of the morning and went with the flow of traffic down a commercial strip, past Southland Gun Works and a crane set up for bungee-jumping, to the press office just across the road from the track. There we picked up our credentials. (Yes, I was impersonating a journalist. I told the Darlington p.r. folks that *Chronicles* is a magazine of vast readership and influence. In my defense let me say that grandstand admission ran fifty to one hundred dollars.)

I drove through a tunnel under the grandstand and *across the track* (strongly tempted to hang a right and take a lap just for the hell of it) to the infield, which was a clutter of campers and trailers and converted buses, many of them with platforms on top for viewing the race. Scores of flags flapped in the breeze, enough rebel ones to give the encampment the look of a lost Confederate regiment, but also plenty of U. S. flags, plus the flags of many states, flags with the colors of favorite drivers, and flags featuring portraits of Hank Williams Jr., and Elvis.

The infield folks had paid upwards of two hundred dollars to park their vehicles and hook up to utilities, plus about thirty dollars a head. I began to figure: 95,000 fans at these prices, plus television and radio coverage and commercial sponsors' logos on everything in sight. Big bucks. And this was just one of thirty or so races in a season that started at Daytona in February and wouldn't end until November, in Atlanta.

We parked the car at the Goody's Headache Powder Media Center (free Goody's, Pepsis, Slim Jims, Winstons, Texaco ballpoint pens, sunscreen, chewing gum—this journalist business is all right), picked up a wad of press releases, and set out on a walking tour of the infield. A nearby concession area offered a mobile bank machine, booths selling T-shirts, caps, patches, pork skin, hushpuppies, and $85 sunglasses, and toilets labeled "Men" and "Ladies" (think about that). For once the men's room line was longer, not surprising since by my rough count male fans outnumbered female ones by seven or eight to one. This was not because women were unwelcome or unappreciated (especially those in tight cutoffs and haltertops).

Despite the high testosterone level, however, most fans were subdued, sitting quietly by their campers and drinking beer, waiting for the race to start. Some were listening to country music, one or two to gospel (it was Sunday morning, after all). We saw only one halfhearted fistfight. The night before had been party time, but my buddy said that even on Saturday night things aren't what they used to be—or what they still are at, say, Talladega, where the police enter the infield only in platoon strength. "They're afraid they'll scratch their Winnebagos" was his scornful explanation.

Being journalistic, we interviewed some of the fans. Most were blue-collar guys from the South, although we talked to groups from Michigan, Pennsylvania, and upstate New York. Most wore caps and T-shirts with the logos of their favorite teams and drivers. All were white. (The only black fan I saw was a large guy in a cowboy hat who was with a couple of similarly attired white buddies; all the other black folks I saw were armed—security guards employed by the track.) We talked about where they'd come from, which drivers they were pulling for and why, and politics.

The last subject came naturally. Governor Clinton was coming in shortly to be the race's Grand Marshal, the first Democrat who had dared to show his face at Darlington since Jimmy Carter in 1976. Carter was well-received then, but in 1992 Clinton couldn't find a driver or owner or chief mechanic willing to introduce him around the garage area. Few fans were ready to embrace the Arkansas Boy Wonder either. One fellow said he came to the races (from Pittsburgh) to get away from politics. "Politics should stay the hell out of it. Clinton, too." He was with five friends: they had five favorite drivers, but all had been for Ross Perot. Now they either were for President Bush or were planning to sit it out. I told one about how fast Arkansas women are (so fast they had to put a governor on them) and it was rather well received, if I do say so myself.

But it wasn't surprising that folks didn't like Clinton. The actual *news* was that many of those we talked to were undecided, and it looked as if Perot could have swept the field if he had stayed in. We even found a few who planned to vote Democratic—outnumbered at least two to one and a little defensive about it, but solid in their choice. Most were distressed about "the economy," especially about unemployment, but a couple were, in their own peculiar way, pro-choice. "If some old gal gets knocked up, I don't want to hear about it" is how one put it. (Incidentally, any true race fans out there will be amused to hear that the black, orange, and white colors of Dale Earnhardt, "Black #3," turned out to be an infallible political indicator. Pulling for Earnhardt is apparently like pulling for the old Oakland Raiders, and *none* of his fans were for Clinton. Not one.)

Darlington's a tough crowd for any Democrat. Among race fans, the national Democratic party is thoroughly discredited, about as popular as Honda or Toyota. Four years earlier my buddy had talked to a hundred fans at the Southern 500; in an article I swiped my title from, he reported that 99 planned to vote Republican and that only one yellow dog Democrat was for Dukakis. No, if George Bush couldn't count on this crowd, he really was in deep doo-doo.

Next month: The Governor Arrives.

John Shelton Reed drives a four-cylinder Plymouth Voyager, but it does have a manual transmission.

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Letter From New York

by Murray N. Rothbard

The Saga of Esteban Solarz

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Not long ago, during the glory days of the Gulf War, Stephen J. Solarz, ferret-faced little Democratic congressman from southern Brooklyn, was riding almost as high in the saddle as our Commander-in-Chief. For it was Solarz who played the major role in dragging his often-reluctant liberal colleagues away from their traditional dovish stance into all-out support for Desert Shield and Storm. Solarz had become the Bush administration's favorite Democrat in Congress; more important, he had long basked in the glow of being the august *New York Times*' favorite congressman.

But he had scarcely begun to enjoy his glittering status, when the fates developed problems for Steve Solarz. The 1992 House check-bouncing scandal hit Solarz hard; for Steve had ranked seventh worst in the House by writing no less than 743 bounced checks. The devoted *New York Times* rushed into the breach; only a few days after it had published front and profile mug shots of New York-area congressmen with far fewer check overdrafts, the paper printed a front-page article fawning upon Solarz, replete with a picture of the congressman sitting in his armchair petting his favorite pooch. Solarz explained to the admiring *Times* reporter that he had far too much money and was far too preoccupied with world problems to have bounced such checks deliberately; instead, with remarkable lack of gallantry, he loaded the blame onto his wife Nina, executive director of the Fund for Peace, who apparently took care of all the congressman's books while he thought deeply on world affairs. Solarz also claimed that many of his uncovered checks went for the care of his "invalid mother-in-law"; what he did not stress was a $2,285 check to satisfy a court judgment against him for an unpaid MasterCard bill or over $1,000 for the purchase of shoes. Denouncing the *Times*' hagiographical piece, veteran Solarzophobe journalist Michael Tomasky unkindly pointed out, in the leftist *Village Voice*, that the dog in the front-page picture belongs to Nina and that it actually detests Congressman Solarz.

But more important for Solarz's future was that terror of all congressmen: redistricting. In 1992, New York State was forced to lose no less than three congressional seats, and the knives were out for most of the year, with both houses of the legislature and the state and federal courts working feverishly on which incumbent congressmen would get shafted in the process. An extra complication arose due to a court mandate to create one or perhaps even two Hispanic (in practice Puerto Rican) districts in New York City, to add to the seat of Democrat José Serrano, representative from the legendary South Bronx, a warzone area resembling Beirut during the Lebanese civil war or even Dresden in 1945.

For a while it looked as if Solarz's district would be merged with the contiguous, also largely Jewish, district from southern Brooklyn, represented by the veteran Charles Schumer. Solarz, however, was anxious to avoid going head-to-head with Schumer. In the first place, many of Solarz's voters were grumbling that Steve, in his anxiety to settle the problems of Cambodia or Afghanistan, was neglecting his constituents in Brooklyn; and secondly, the affable Schumer was far more popular than the perpetually scowling Solarz. It has been reported that, to save Steve, the Bush White House called Ralph Marino, Republican majority leader of the New York State Senate, and successfully got him to drop the plan for the combined Brooklyn district. The upshot of many months of wrangling, however, was that Solarz's district was eliminated altogether, and so Steve, armed with a massive $2 million war chest, searched around for *some* district in which to run for Congress.

The obvious choice was the district on the West Side of Manhattan that edges into Brooklyn, long represented by Hungarian-born Theodore Weiss. This too was largely a Jewish district. But the problem for Solarz was that West Side Jews are very different from their religious *confrères* in Brooklyn. Brooklyn Jews tend to be Orthodox, lower-middle-class, socially conservative, and fiercely pro-Zionist; whereas West Side Jews are upper-middle-class, secularist, far more leftist, and traditionally dovish, even on Israel. Ted Weiss was one of the most left-wing members of Congress, even calling for the impeachment of George Bush for his invasion of Panama. Hence, it came as no surprise that, when Solarz took polls in Manhattan, he found himself losing handily to Weiss.

Where to run? Where to run? For a while, Solarz thought seriously of running in largely WASP and Republican Nassau County, in the New York suburbs; and, on an even more bizarre note, he seriously considered running in either of two districts represented by retiring Jewish Democrats in the Miami Beach area: William Lehman and Larry Smith, himself a leading bad-checker who was forced not to run again by allegations of financial impropriety.

Finally, Solarz decided to take his massive war chest and run in the newly created Hispanic district, the New York 12th. This egregious district is undoubtedly causing poor Elbridge Gerry, who started it all, to spin rapidly in his grave. Traversing no less than three boroughs, the new 12th starts on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, then snakes eastward into Queens and southward into Brooklyn. Often less than a block wide, the 12th sidles into an apartment building here, a development there, picking up every possible Puerto Rican resident. The effort to create a new Puerto Rican district ended up with 58 percent Hispanic residents. The problem, however, is that Puerto Ricans don't often vote, especially in primaries, so that the total Puerto Rican proportion among registered Democrats (Republicans scarcely count) is only 49 percent. Another problem for the Hispanics was that no less than five Puerto Ricans, eager to partake of the gravy train, had already entered the Democratic primary, in addition to one Chinese social worker, angling for the 5 percent Asian vote in the district. And so, Solarz took the plunge, figuring that $2 million, a splintered Puerto Rican field, and the substantial white vote in the district (16 percent of the population, but 29 percent of the Democratic primary voters) could carry him to victory.

Solarz's entry into the 12th district race drew the expected hysterical attacks from the champions of multiculturalism; how *dare* the white Solarz run in a district set aside for Puerto Ricans? The implication is that such entry was not only deeply immoral, but somehow unconstitutional. Liberal columnist Jack

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Newfield went so far as to denounce Solarz as an "ethnic arsonist," endangering hitherto peaceful Jewish-Hispanic relations. Understandably, Newfield did not elaborate about *which* ethnic group he expected to commit most of the arson. Most liberals drew back from the dangerous logic of this position: for if it is evil for a nonblack or non-Hispanic to run in a designated minority district, then why isn't it equally evil for blacks or Hispanics to run in white districts, or for black Mayor David Dinkins to run in what is still in the majority a white city? There were lots of frantic pleas for the Puerto Rican candidates to agree on one of their number and for the rest to drop out, to unify against the Solarz danger; but none of them would do so.

Steve Solarz now proceeded to transform himself for the occasion. He hired two prominent Puerto Ricans as his campaign manager and field director. He renamed himself Esteban Solarz, spoke a few words of Spanish to his constituents, ran Spanish-language commercials, and put up posters reading "*Solarz para El Congreso.*" He tried to convince the bemused Puerto Rican masses of the three boroughs that he, Esteban, was really one of them, since his ancestors were Spanish-Portuguese Jews. None of this really took.

Esteban's campaign manager, Rudy Garcia, stated that the campaign was aiming for one-third of the black vote (16 percent of registered voters), 90 percent of the Asian vote, and 80 percent of the white vote; in other words, Solarz could win if he collared at least 15 percent of Puerto Rican voters. The 80 percent white vote assumed that most of the whites in the district are Jewish, a grave miscalculation, as Michael Tomasky pointed out. For the whites there are 85 percent Catholic and only 15 percent Jewish, and Irish and Italian Catholics scarcely feel any ethnic loyalty to Solarz.

Among Esteban's Puerto Rican opponents, the two major figures were women. Such moderates as former Mayor Ed Koch and City Council President Andrew Stein backed Elizabeth Colon, former executive director of the Association of Puerto Rican Executive Directors; while the city's left, headed by health-care union president Dennis Rivera, New York Teamsters head Barry Feinstein, and Mayor Dinkins, enthusiastically backed former City Councilwoman Nydia Velasquez, secretary of what amounts to the Puerto Rican Commonwealth's embassy in New York City, its Office of Migration.

Finally, in the September 15 primary, Nydia Velasquez squeezed past Solarz by 1,800 votes, Colon coming in third. Esteban could go back to being Steve. An anonymous leak of hospital records documenting a suicide attempt by Velasquez the year before came too late to prevent her victory.

But another bizarre event occurred. On the day before the primary, Ted Weiss suddenly died, leaving only the candidate from the Marxo-psychobabble New Alliance Party in the Democratic race. The Democratic leaders pleaded with voters to vote for the dead man, so that the Democratic county committee members from the West Side could choose the primary victor, and, in effect, Weiss's successor. And indeed, Weiss dead proved a formidable political leader and swept easily to victory.

There now ensued a fearful scramble for the souls of the several hundred county committeemen from the dead man's district. Whom would they choose? Could it be . . . a last, ghoulish chance for Solarz? But apparently this was too much *chutzpah* even for Solarz, just repudiated by the Democratic electorate, and Steve graciously took himself out of the race. Entering the race, however, was Weiss's predecessor, the formidable and bellicose Bella Abzug who, now in her 70's, threw her trademark large, floppy hat into the ring. As did longtime West Side State Senator Franz Leichter. But their challenges were beaten back by the favorite of the region's Democratic establishment, a longtime assemblyman, the corpulent Jerry Nadler.

But Esteban was not to slink quietly into the dark night. Once again, the faithful *New York Times* (October 7) published a hagiographical article on Solarz, replete with a picture of him reading a paper. This article was an elegy to Solarz, pointing out how beloved he is to every leader of both parties and telling of an "outpouring of affection and respect" from President Bush, Bill Clinton, Senator Hatch, and heck, just about everybody who is anybody. So what now for Solarz? There is a bone-chilling rumor that he could become Secretary of State in the Clinton administration, in which case Solarz will realize his objective of helping to run the world. In that event, the nation's—and the world's—loss will surely be Brooklyn's gain.

Murray N. Rothbard is a professor of economics at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and vice-president for academic affairs at the Ludwig von Mises Institute.

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Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Taking America Back

by Christine Haynes

The Musical Front of the P.C. War

The music business is the latest battleground in the p.c. war—and recent events indicate that dissident or controversial musicians have no defenders in the media establishment that now controls the industry. In yet another instance of censorship by the "free-speaking" left, singer Steve Vaus has been stifled in his efforts to "Take America Back," even in a musical sense.

Vaus's song "We Must Take America Back," a response to deteriorating conditions in his adopted hometown of San Diego, was pulled from the airwaves in late July 1992 by RCA, which had signed a contract with Vaus for the rights to his ten-song album less than one month before. RCA was initially enthusiastic about the tune, which had risen to the top of call-in request charts in cities around the United States following its release last spring. But objections from programmers at major radio stations to the "controversial philosophical content" of the song led RCA to dump Vaus's album, cancel his contract, and prevent him from rereleasing or even recording his material for five years. As Vaus himself phrased it, "RCA backed down with its tail between its legs."

But for what? In comparison to much of the music released today, "We Must Take America Back" is remarkably tame. Its opening line, "The American Dream has become a nightmare," for instance, is a truism by all but George Bush's standards. And the chorus, a stirring, patriotic call to popular action, differs from the message of such "socially conscious" artists as Tracy Chapman and Sting only in the specific political solution it offers to commonly recognized problems:

> Put an end to the gangs and the drugs in the streets
> And the fact that the bad guys most always go free,
> That is wrong.
> We need leaders who lead us, not stick us and bleed us,
> Then take all our money and send it abroad.
> We must take America back,
> We need prayer in the schools and more things
> "Made in USA";
> It's the least we can do, for the red, white, and blue
> We must take America back.

This is hardly a song about revolution, yet the barons of the music business evidently believe Vaus's lyrics are not "correct" enough for American ears. Like his video, which intercuts shots of Vaus singing with newspaper headlines cataloguing the troubles of contemporary America and which aired on The Nashville Network and Country Music Television before being pulled as well, Vaus's single is blasphemy to the reigning cultural elite.

If RCA had canned the deal because his song was not popular, Vaus—a writer and producer of musical projects who has long been committed to civic action—would not be quite so bitter. But the single had a substantial following in states like Maryland, West Virginia, Washington, North Carolina, and South Carolina. In Spokane, Washington, for instance, country station KCDA received *immediate* positive reaction to the song. According to station owner John Rook, the song had mass appeal because it struck a chord with ordinary people, who shot it into the station's top-ten request list within one week. While KCDA introduced the song by playing it three times a day, after one week station programmers had to increase its airtime to once every three hours, or seven times a day. Rook reported that there were absolutely no negative responses. On the contrary, there were numerous demands for copies of Vaus's album.

Even Real Country Network in Phoenix, Arizona, which has more listeners (one and a half million) than any country station in the United States, picked up the song, which once again became a top-ten request within a week. But in Phoenix, as elsewhere, Vaus's success was hampered by the unavailability of his hit. Because there was no stock in the stores at the time of the song's release, demand for "We Must Take America Back," as well as for Vaus's follow-up single "I'll Remember in November" (a reproval of corrupt House of Representative members), soon decreased. In an effort to gain national distribution Vaus turned to RCA. But despite the fact that his song fit (as Rook phrased it) "the mood of dissension sweeping the electorate," the "monkey-see, monkey-do people in the music business" succumbed to pressure from their politically correct "friends" in radio and blacklisted Vaus. (RCA reportedly even called radio stations and asked them to stop playing the song.) As Vaus commented in response to the affair, "I believe radio's self-appointed gods censored me, and RCA buckled under their pressure." "Since when does a record company allow anyone to dictate the content of its releases?" he added. "Ice-T's singing about killing cops, and Sister Souljah's rapping for genocide, and I can't sing about God and country?!"

As this episode makes clear, Congress and criminals are not to be criticized, but the violence and obscenity advocated by "artists" like Ice-T and Sister Souljah, as well as 2 Live Crew, Public Enemy, Madonna, and most recently 2Pac, are protected under the First Amendment. From 2 Live Crew's graphically and misogynously sexual 1990 album As

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Nasty As They Wanna Be to Public Enemy's 1991 video for the rap "By the Time I Get to Arizona," which depicted the shooting and poisoning of public officials who declined to approve a public holiday honoring Martin Luther King, Jr.; from Madonna's fall 1992 release of the aptly named "Erotica" to Ice-T's infamous "Cop Killer," which Time Warner, the parent company of his record label *Sire*, pulled from his album *Body Count* only after Ice-T himself gave into popular pressure—these examples of "creative expression" make any protest about the "controversial philosophical content" of Vaus's lyrics seem absurd. Indeed, in comparison to the words of "Souljas Story" by rapper Tupac Amaru Shakur, known as 2Pac, Vaus's ditty is mere child's play. "Cops on my tail so I bail till I dodge 'em / They finally pull me over and I laugh / Remember Rodney King and I blast on his punk a-- / Now I got a murder case." *These* lines, which incited one Ronald Howard to fatally shoot a state trooper who had pulled him over for a routine traffic stop near Victoria, Texas, last year, are controversial.

The typical reaction among the media to what Ice-T terms "intelligent hoodlum" material is to denounce censorship and uphold free speech. Barbara Ehrenreich, a 60's feminist who refuses to grow old gracefully, argued in a July 1992 essay about Ice-T for *Time* magazine that "this is our free market of ideas and images, and it shouldn't be any less free for a black man than for other purveyors of 'irresponsible' sentiments, from David Duke to Andrew Dice Clay." And Gene Santoro wrote in a July 1990 issue of the *Nation* regarding 2 Live Crew's arrest on obscenity charges: "Certainly the dramatic increase in obscenity prosecutions by the Bush Justice Department . . . is creating a chilly climate for any form of sexual expression." Even if we buy these arguments, why don't they apply to Mr. Vaus?

For all their rhetoric about creative freedom, liberals are the most puritanical censors of all: they will defend to the death their right to silence anyone who disagrees with them. The ACLU protested Washington State's law (passed in the spring of 1992) against the sale of albums judged "erotic" to minors; yet this guardian of civil rights was nowhere to be found when country singer Holly Dunn was attacked for her summer 1991 release "Maybe I Mean Yes" (about a woman who reevaluates her decision to turn down a date), which was misconstrued by feminists as encouraging date rape. According to leftists, lyrics like Dunn's "When I say no, I mean maybe, or maybe I mean yes"—unlike Ice-T's lines "I'm 'bout to bust some shots off / I'm 'bout to dust some cops off . . . / Die, Die, Die Pig, Die!"—promote violence and therefore have no place on the current music scene. Unfortunately, Dunn caved in to this pressure and asked radio stations everywhere to stop playing her hit, even though it was rising to the top of the country charts. As Janet Scott Barlow noted, "When a sweet-looking and boring country singer makes the front page of *USA Today* for being 'insensitive to women' at the same time Madonna is scoring feminist points for wearing underwear as outerwear, you know things are out of hand."

Even Rich Bond—the RNC chairman who tried to kick Pat Buchanan out of the Republican Party—had to draw the line somewhere. Bond wrote Vaus a letter encouraging him in his efforts: "Isn't it ironic," he asked, "that liberals cry 'censorship' when concerned policemen or mothers want to stop obscenity from being aired, but none of these same activists are anywhere to be found when a song promoting values contrary to theirs is blocked from the air? This is the hypocrisy of institutional liberalism which we face on a daily basis." The left has in effect grown fat by having its cake and eating it, too. Free speech for pathology but not for political dissent: this is *not* what the First Amendment is all about. Barbara Ehrenreich is, in more ways than one, Tipper Gore distorted by a fun-house mirror. Both want to dictate America's taste and morals; both should mind their own business. Americans neither need nor want government agencies or corporate executives to determine what they (or their children) should or even can listen to. As Vaus himself argues, "In order to take America back, we need to regain control of her art forms and airwaves. Otherwise the battle is lost before it has begun."

Copies of Steve Vaus's song "We Must Take America Back" may be obtained by calling 1-800-HIT-SONG.

Christine Haynes is editorial assistant for Chronicles.

Tune In, Turn On, Turn Out

by John J. Miller

The Lollapalooza Concert Fest

"Please visit all the booths, sign your name where needed, and look up to the sky and enjoy yourself," said Eddie Vedder, the lead singer of Pearl Jam, just before his group finished performing at the seven-band Lollapalooza concert festival in Fairfax, Virginia, last August. All day long the sky was grey, and the rain-dampened ground, sloshed about by the feet of over 22,000 alternative music fans, became a vast pool of mud. The soft, wet earth ruined wardrobes as hordes of concert-goers played in the brown slop. They had come to frolic and dance to their favorite songs. The show's organizers, however, had intended to hold not a concert but a gigantic awareness-raising seminar.

The combination of politics and music is hip again—a mini-caravan of left-wing activist groups accompanied the bands on their sold-out North American tour, which concluded last September—and the soiled crowd in Fairfax represented what many people are calling a politically concerned youth counterculture. Huge murals decorated the venue, asking "Why Do You Glory In Our Subjugation?" and insisting "The Ruling Class Had Better Wise Up." Comparisons to the 1960's were everywhere, but the politics of Lollapalooza turned Woodstock on its head. Performers encouraged voter registration, not rebellion. They sold an attitude of disenchantment to the supposedly alienated, yet the disenchantment was entirely nonthreatening. It appeared in the form of a $23 souvenir T-shirt that read on the front, "Choices," and on the back, "9 out of 10 kids prefer crayons to guns." The musicians ordered adolescent angst into the voting booth. Censorship was a central point of interest, especially for the vulgar lyricists who continue to scream endlessly about the First Amendment every time somebody suggests that they should tone down their enthusiasms. Various demands for rights—for cattle, for weeds, for gun-control lobbyists—circulated freely about the crowd, but the political wrath

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of this supposed counterculture stems not so much from 12 years of Reagan and Bush as it does from parents who didn't loan out the car keys last weekend.

Several years ago the music industry decided young fans should do its political bidding. As a result, record companies began to fund organizations like Rock the Vote, which gets guitar heroes and video vamps to encourage 18-to-24-year-olds to vote. Proponents of the movement point to the declining numbers of young people participating in elections and, in a bit of Jerry Brown-style logic, suggest that "the system" is rigged to exclude them. If only more young people visited the polls, they assume, oppressive censorship movements would halt. Rock the Vote showcases these sentiments in its literature and frets over "the relentless attacks on freedom of speech and artistic expression."

Before I had even passed through the Lollapalooza ticket gate, I encountered evidence of such paranoia. I had borrowed a friend's car for the day, and after locking it up and walking away, I decided that I had better jot down the license plate number in case of a problem. As I recorded the information, a fellow with long hair standing two cars away gave me a dazed but suspicious look and asked his friend, "Do you think he's a narc?"

There were not any narcs at the festival, so far as I could tell. The aroma of cannabis floated everywhere. The goods were offered to me twice, unsolicited. During a song by the Jesus and Mary Chain, a shirtless, heavily tattooed man followed by two kids no older than 16 stumbled aimlessly through the crowd holding a quickly made placard that read "Will pay for acid."

Although the drug trade resembled an unrestrained free market, every other form of commerce was controlled in a way that blended the ingenuity of capitalism with the inefficiency of socialism. Take the food vendors. At a day-long event, they were obviously of great importance, especially since the security guards would not permit anybody to enter the park with food. Once through the gates, big signs bearing the Pepsi logo sprang up everywhere: "AVOID LONG LINES. BUY FOOD AND DRINK TICKETS IN BULK NOW." Under this system, you stand in one line to buy food tickets for a dollar apiece, and then you stand in another line if you want hot dogs, still another for watermelon wedges, and yet another for Pepsi. There is something ridiculously appropriate about this scheme, plotted by million-dollar musicians who combined with their business sponsors to endorse at least implicitly the idea of government expanding its influence into all spheres of life, save rock songs. After one irate woman's daunting encounter with this strangeness—no doubt the closest thing to bread lines that she had ever experienced—she got a clue, held up a slice of Domino's pizza, and declared, "This ain't Lollapalooza! This is [expletive] corporate America taking over our minds!" Everyone ignored her.

Underneath the same tent as the food were the various radical political groups so far removed from the mainstream as to render themselves harmless. Concertgoers examined their displays primarily during set changes and felt really good about themselves afterwards. "I visited the booths to achieve consciousness," noted one woman.

Collectibles were hot items under the political tent, and they promoted causes like animal rights (sticker: "Liberate laboratory animals"), Indian reparations (T-shirt: "500 Years of Genocide is Enough"), and communism (poster: "Phony communism is dead . . . Long live real communism"). One button pleaded for "McGovern in '92." Voter registration efforts, according to a worker at Rock the Vote's table, were going wonderfully. Everybody I spoke with was either too young to vote or already registered.

Attentions throughout the day were focused mostly on the stage, where the bands played and occasionally felt compelled to inform the audience that censorship is bad. Soundgarden's Chris Cornell was so moved by this oratory that he led his group through Ice-T's "Cop Killer," the ditty recently assailed from all corners and nearly responsible for a boycott of Time-Warner products. Cornell introduced the song by saying, "We don't play this song because of what it's about, but for what it stands for," as if there were a difference. Ice Cube, the show's sole rapper, later chimed in by remarking, "Records don't kill people, cops do. They shouldn't ban 'Cop Killer,' they should ban killer cops!" Nobody mentioned that four of the seven Lollapalooza bands are signed to the Time-Warner family.

I left the concert during a set by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, the last band to perform. Big plastic spring-water bottles, emptied of their contents, covered much of the slippery ground—there were no recycling bins. After the Greens under the tent had started packing up, the only visible concern for any kind of environmentalism at all displayed itself on another large Pepsi sign placed near the park's entrance: "EXPOSURE TO SOUND ENVIRONMENT MAY CAUSE HEARING IMPAREMENT [sic]."

John J. Miller is a reporter for the New Republic.

Rock Music Lives On

by Brian Doherty

Just Keep Uncle Sam Away

Camille Paglia, current official Court Enemy of America's East Coast intellectual mafia, recently went on record in the *New York Times* encouraging federal support of the allegedly endangered American art form of rock music. She is correct in praising rock as one of American folk art's grand contributions to world culture. Rock is definitively American, from its myths (Elvis the simple country boy shakes the world, sprouting from a recording he made to please his momma) to its sound (a loving and chaotic meld of country folk, citified black rhythm 'n' blues, and the Tin Pan Alley stylings of urban, mostly Jewish, immigrants). Where she goes wrong is in attempting to subsume all value under the political, and then, of course, the federal. It does not follow from rock's value that it deserves, needs, or would benefit from federal arts funding. It is, in fact, rock's unique status as an indigenous American folk art that makes it important enough to protect from the enervating tentacles of government funding and from all the control, centralization, and elitism it implies.

Paglia couches her praise for rock in terms that show she has little understanding of its wide aesthetic range (romanticism is all she sees with her hormone-addled eyes; and while that's certainly a part of it, rock is perfectly ca-

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pable of being classical, naturalistic, or Dadaist, to pick a random handful of other "literary" approaches) or of the history of the business. She seems unaware of just how and in what ways rock remains great or of all the ways in which her suggestion would ruin it.

In nearly every American city of any size, particularly in college towns where late adolescents congregate in great number and small space, is a plethora of individuals keeping the American folk art of rock alive. The best rock being made today is done on the local level, produced by small labels that issue music on the supposedly "dead" format of the traditional 7-inch vinyl record. The 7-inch vinyl is a totemistic gesture of independence from the exigencies of technological change forced by corporate decisions. This music is spread by a distribution network that generally deals directly with independent small record shops around the country and an information network based on small-circulation, self-produced magazines that at their best should be the envy of any art form in their knowledge, wit, and liveliness. (The best of these publications, known as "fanzines," is *Conflict*, edited and almost entirely written by Gerard Cosloy, who is also co-owner of the small New York label Matador, which issues some of the best American rock.)

This lack of corporate or governmental centralism allows for a range of community sounds that can develop small and then add to the musical store of the nation and the world. The band Nirvana is an example. It was the surprise commercial success of 1991, hitting number one on both the album and the single charts after many industry pundits had declared that the traditional rock band was dead, buried by dance music, rap, and country. And it was nurtured by the local scene and sound of Seattle and its 7-inch-oriented label, Sub-Pop.

Nirvana grew out of a local community that reinforced and honed a distinctive sound (dirty, grungy, "garage"-y guitar rock with a beat more for leaping up and down than for dancing and lyrics bordering on the genuinely incoherent, even for rock-trained ears), which proved its appeal to the world at large in the success not only of Nirvana but also of Pearl Jam, Mudhoney, and Soundgarden, all of whom arose from the same town and scene.

In this example, the local community served as a sort of farm league for major corporate labels, who have snapped up all the aforementioned bands and made them famous. But it doesn't always work out this way, and isn't meant to. Many town-centered sounds have never made the leap to international prominence, at least not directly. The black-humored and high-pitched machine scree of Chicago and its Touch & Go label, best exemplified by Big Black, never hit it big, though its sonic influence can still be felt in a later wave of bands, like industrial dance giant Ministry, who bought Touch & Go's small-circulation records and loved them. This is an old tradition in rock; it is said of the Velvet Underground, a late 60's band of sterling quality and no commercial success, that only two hundred people bought their records but that all two hundred later went on to form their own bands.

In some cases a town's scene explicitly discourages moving on to national success on a corporate level. Washington, D.C.'s Dischord label and its flagship band, Fugazi (formed by the ex-singer of Minor Threat, the archetypical early 80's American straight-edged hardcore band, which combined punishingly fast and simple rhythms and riffs with hortatory screams about clean, youthful living), make a policy of "Small is Beautiful." They sell their product at conspicuously low prices and refuse to play venues that don't admit all ages or that charge more than five dollars for admission. They are an example of enlightened local capitalism at its best and have managed to sell through their independent distribution system almost 100,000 copies of the most recent Fugazi LP.

The dominant musical style of the D.C. scene tends to be overly politically charged and musically formless. D.C. bands are less interested in providing a catchy, pleasureful tune than in creating an atmosphere of intensity, speed, and aggression. "I know this is politically correct / But it comes to you spiritually direct / An attempt to thoughtfully effect your way of thinking / That is if you believe in race / And that you were born in the right time or place / This is a bullet you cannot outrace / Your way of thinking" is a characteristic example of Fugazi's over-didactic approach to song lyrics.

Also in the D.C. area is the even lower-profile Teen Beat label, run by Mark Robinson, singer and guitarist for the band Unrest, which is perhaps the finest example of the breadth of the best modern rock bands. Unrest is a cottage-industry satire of music-biz glitz and product orientation—it produces promotional coffee mugs and pens with catalog numbers and issues music in a dizzying array of cassette-only releases, LPs, and vinyl 7-inch records both on Teen Beat and on other labels sharing similar interests and approaches, like Olympia, Washington's K, and New York's Homestead. This music runs the gamut from the achingly sincere and lovely—an approach pioneered by the K label, whose flagship band Beat Happening defined a charming, clumsy, and yet ineffably gleeful and positive approach to pop music that has been appositely dubbed "love rock" because of its sweetness and lack of aggression, its simple, insistent rhythms and often sing-songy, childish rhymes—to the jagged and harsh to the soporific (as on their latest LP, *Imperial f.f.r.r.*). And Robinson's lyrics achieve a sinuous suggestiveness (often dealing frankly yet adoringly with physical love) that is pop poetry of high achievement. From "I Do Believe You Are Blushing": "I do believe that you are blushing / Everything in your mind is coming / Why miss K I do believe you / I want to stick you gold and blue. . . . I do believe your eyes / Your face is glowing / I do believe your face / Waking up to your eyes. . . . What will they be like, like you? Incredible eyes / Incredible!"

For some genuine Americana, try Austin's Texas Instruments, so proud of its state that it adopted a name in the manner of an amateur sports squad. Its first two LPs were released by local label Rabid Cat, which has since gone out of business, as happens often in this cash-strapped mini-industry where labels are more often hobbies than ways to make a living. It now releases records on the Rockville label, a "house label" for the independent record distributor Dutch East from Long Island, New York. It's a rocking folk band, self-conscious grandsons of Woody Guthrie and Bob Dylan, with a similar political sense of the people vs. a power structure that is always operating against their interests. In "Decade of Denial," after imagining a citizenry rising up against what he sees as the anti-liberty depredations of the Reagan years and big-government conservatism, the singer meets a man who says, "You're wrong, son / What you say

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could never happen / You failed to mention such dissension / Would be ground down with an iron fist." Buchananites, take note.

At its best, this lively, bouncy, country-rooted rock touches mythic American roots. ("To say that I am lost is to tell the farmer he is tired / Or the wind that it is wise / Yeah, I know my own disguise," Texas Instruments sing on "Crammed Into Infinity.") But the band's masterpiece is probably "Little Black Sunrise," a tall-tale in which "a hapless young devil . . . impaled by his conscience" is brought to judgment before a mysterious tribunal for forgetting "his promise / To protect the Earth and hold up the sky." "Do you want to be human / Or some wild jungle beast on the prowl?" he is asked. "Do you want to take credit for the world that you see all around you? If not, then forget it, and no flood will be sent down to drown you."

When I saw the group play in Jacksonville, Florida, I was so enthused that I approached the musicians after the show to tell them that they had the best band I'd seen in years. They then put me on the guest list for the rest of their Florida shows, none of which I was able to make, unfortunately. These people are not making music for money; few bands on this level don't value enthusiastic listeners above cash.

But where rock works best as pure folk art is on a level even smaller than the aforementioned: in hometowns across the country, with bands you will never hear about unless you are lucky enough to live there or are an obsessive reader of fanzines, which are themselves generally only obtainable by reading *other* fanzines, which generally take the time to review and print addresses for their brethren.

My hometown, until recently, was the Southern college town of Gainesville, Florida, home of the University of Florida and surrounded by some of the state's most beautiful lakes and rivers. I spent five years immersed in its local rock music community as fan, performer, and critic and had many of the best musical experiences of my life watching young Americans fill the gaps in their spare time and in their lives in a "boring" town where fun had to be what you made it.

These people are not the spoon-fed, soulless consumers who, according to some, are enmeshed in corporate culture; the most prolific, talented, and creative musicians don't often buy records. *Pace* Ms. Paglia, Americans can still make their own entertainment and art, forged from their own interests and passions, without the aid or judgment of a committee of "patrons" with no interest or connection with the people by whom and for whom the music is made.

In Gainesville, even the smallest level of vinyl distribution is beyond most bands' means, especially as most of their performances are done entirely outside the cash nexus, at parties and in their own living rooms or practice warehouses. If the music is recorded for sale at all, it's on cassette tapes, made sometimes at home, sometimes for cheap in a local recording studio. The music often reflects local concerns (our town was suffering the presence of a serial murderer back in the fall of 1990, and at least two local bands, the Moles and Superior Gingerbread Factory, wrote wise and angry songs chronicling what it was like then and there for us—folk tradition at its finest) and is always cognizant of its audience, the people dancing, smiling, staring, or walking away. There can be no ignoring your community and its desires at this level—unless, of course, you *want* to, which is noble as well. Bands such as Hazel Syllabus and the Bill Perry Orchestra in Gainesville made a point of following their own peculiar muse, regardless of whether or not they could retain large crowds. And they didn't ask for anyone else's money to support their whims; they just did what they wanted to do.

Gainesville's music scene has had some inklings of national success and exposure. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, one of the more skilled and intelligent of the "big name" rock bands, are from Gainesville, and in the late 80's and early 90's some locals achieved national attention through releases on local vinyl (the bristling, exciting hard rock of Radon), on a national independent label (the elegant country/folk-rock of the Vulgar Boatmen), and even on a major-label sampler CD (the mannered art-pop of Aleka's Attic). But, as in other

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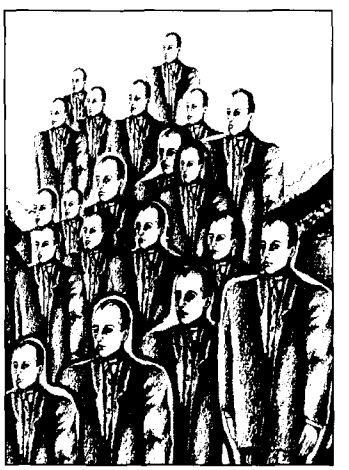

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY

According to a story in the *Las Vegas Sun* last fall, a former athletic director at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, feared for his life while investigating the university's basketball program. On one occasion he was threatened by a convicted sports fixer, whose ties to UNLV basketball players led to the resignation of the team's coach. He reportedly also received a threat from someone who suggested he either "make peace" with a local restaurateur and UNLV booster or be killed.

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cities, much of Gainesville's best music is played by bands—like Doldrums, Just Demigods, the Jeffersons, What Anne Likes—that exist for a moment in time for their community and then disappear. Their music, however, survives in the memories of the people who were there.

The best rock functions as a personal and local form of capitalism, living or dying either by its own stubborn will to exist or by its ability to win the attention and affection of an audience that intersects personally, artistically, and perhaps economically with the performers. But unlike the average capitalist venture, it doesn't need and doesn't always intend to make a profit at all. For the Darwinian laws of the marketplace serve rock as they serve no other art form, providing ecological niches both for dinosaurs like U2 and Guns n' Roses and for small, wily mammals like the labels and bands discussed above. And this marketplace produces a genuine folk art still in touch with the lives, demands, and interests of an audience that loves and is willing to support the music with its own cash (whether paying admission to a club or buying a tape or a record) or just with attention (when cramming into a house party).

Federal arts funding creates contempt for the audience-driven value of communication. Art funded by coercion doesn't have to appeal to any genuine human need, especially when even the possibly beneficial enlightened patronage of one person with taste and vision is replaced by elite cliques more concerned with fashion and position than with achievement. "Modern art"—federally supported—speaks by design to no one outside a self-satisfied, self-involved metropolitan elite surviving on all of our dimes.

Paglia's op-ed was headlined "Endangered Rock." Rock is doing just fine, thank you. It is art, which already suffers federal largess, that should worry about disappearing. Indeed, for most Americans it already doesn't exist.

Brian Doherty writes from Washington, D.C.

The New Musical Order

by J.O. Tate

The Recorded Violin

In order to recycle the familiar repertory, the music industry must seek new markets through various gimmicks: celebrity status, special occasions, and even styles more familiar on the street than in the salon. Nigel Kennedy, the young English violinist, has recently made a hit of the Brahms Violin Concerto not because of his impressive skill and interesting interpretation, but because of his *mondo bizarro* image on his album cover. Gidon Kremer, older and more sophisticated, has long cultivated an eccentricity that is no pose, but rather the mark of a distinctive musical integrity. At the opposite extreme, even Midori's cloyingly sweet interviews and china-doll persona have not masked her virtuosity on the violin. But such remarkable individuals are quite exceptional in an international musical culture in which national as well as personal distinctions have been "blanded out" or processed into mush by the musical analogue of "global democracy" or the "New World Order."

Even the compact disc itself may be viewed as a hugely successful marketing ploy, necessitating somehow the duplication of a great deal of repertory if not of performing artists. What Theodor Adorno would say about it is only too obvious. But just as new generations of performers continue to converge in the middle of the road, the compact disc has become the vehicle for the revival of many a 78. What's old is new. An element of genuine individuality is restored, and the violin is redeemed just as the world before the Second and even the First World War is restored to us, repackaged and digitized and more necessary than ever.

The great names reappear on various labels: Jascha Heifetz on BMG/RCA; Mischa Elman on Pearl and Vanguard; Fritz Kreisler on Pearl and Music and Arts; Sir Yehudi Menuhin on EMI and Biddulph; Jacques Thibaud on the same; Bronislaw Huberman on Pearl and EMI; Joseph Szigeti on Pearl, Biddulph, and Vanguard; and others on other labels. The pursuit of each giant is a project—and an education—in itself, its own reward. But the long shadows cast by such heroic careers are in a sense distorting because they tend to restrict our sense of musical perspective to what may be merely idiosyncratic. A broader sense of musical style may be gained by attending to wider horizons.

As far as the violin is concerned, those horizons can be scanned today in an anthology that surveys the world of the violin from 1901 to 1939: *The Recorded Violin: The History of the Violin on Record*, Volumes I & II (three CDs each, Pearl BVA I & II, imported by KOCH International). The 110 items included on these six discs add up to over seven hours of playing time—time rescued from oblivion and intensified by revelations of beauty from lost worlds.

In this collection, the background of great careers is filled in. Perspective is supplied by the firm establishment of a broad view and historical sense, so that the modernizing brilliance of Jascha Heifetz—to take but one salient example—is not scanted but rather set firmly in context, with Heifetz represented solely by his 1917 recording of Henri Wieniawski's Scherzo-tarantella. Such a

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virtuoso vehicle, recorded in the year of his American debut, puts Heifetz alongside such other pupils of Leopold Auer as Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Nathan Milstein, Toscha Seidel, Eddy Brown, Mischel Piastro, and Cecilia Hansen. In such a comprehensive collection, Leopold Auer himself finds a place, as well as another Auer pupil who did not emigrate westward, Miron Polyakin. Thus the Auer influence and the Russian school—as well as other Russian violinists—are represented in depth. That school and style seem today to have become the international standard, eclipsing the national traditions that are also surveyed in the Pearl collection.

Nineteenth-century musicianship is best personified in Joseph Joachim, who—born in 1831—was a friend of Schumann and Brahms and an associate of Mendelssohn and Liszt. The Bruch Violin Concerto in G Minor, the Dvorák Violin Concerto, and the Brahms Violin and Double Concertos were all written for Joachim, who yet lived long enough to record. So did Pablo de Sarasate, for whom Saint-Saëns wrote his *Rondo Capriccioso*, Lalo his *Symphonie espagnole*, and Bruch his *Scottish Fantasy*. Other masters to be heard in their historical matrix are Eugene Ysaÿe, Jeno Hubay, Georges Enescu, Adolph Busch, Arnold Rosé, Carl Flesch, Jan Kubelik, and Frans von Vecsey. These and others document the traditions of Romantic virtuosity, of various and varied national schools, and of cultures blasted away by the First World War. The expressive *portamento*, and much of the violin repertory, was made to seem quaint by the reductive processes of modernization; in that sense, *The Recorded Violin* has a social as well as a musical aspect. The violin is, among other things, a measure of history.

There can be no question that these silver discs, conflating so many old shellacs, condense too the experience of generations. Their fascination, more than individual and musical, is also national and even international. Yet their first call upon our attention is the most important one—and that is immediate pleasure. This discopaedia is no chore to listen to—quite the opposite. It is a source of delight and of surprise. Rene Benedetti (1901-1975) seems as attractive in the sketch provided in the notes as he does in Zoubok's *Deux Minutes de Jazz*. Jean-Jacques Kantarow said of him,

> Benedetti was the most extraordinary player, technically flawless, one of the best players of all time. He didn't make a big career because he didn't want to, although he seems to have played everywhere at least once. He preferred giving lessons, had a fantastic trio with Navarra and Benvenuti, the technique of a Heifetz, the charm of Thibaud, and nothing to prove in the world. In a sense, he couldn't really teach, since playing was so easy for him. He used to sit on the sofa and tell us to "play just like I do," as he effortlessly played Paganini at any time of day. He had an old timer's approach to music: fantastic sound and no defined five-position technique; instead, something in between with a lot of extensions and contractions with the left hand.

Need I add that Kantarow's observations seem quite audibly borne out?

Similarly, the "charming and stylish Renée Chemet," who is heard in Tchaikovsky's Nocturne, really does play with charm and style. And it is intriguing and chilling to read that "in 1932 she forsook Europe for the Far East and the rest of her career is shrouded in mystery."

But in a more normal vein, Georges Enescu's 1929 performance of Chausson's *Poème Op. 29* is a revelation of tempo flexibility and varied tone colors. May Harrison, accompanied by Sir Arnold Bax, plays the First Sonata of Delius with flair, imagination, and mastery. These two performances alone seem to me not only treasures but also challenges. They are a rebuke to contemporary pride and shallow musicianship. Such shrewdness, savoir faire, and spirit are not to be found among the slick effusions of contemporary violinists. These rare recordings and others—glories of *The Recorded Violin*—are compelling reasons for its acquisition and thoughtful audition. This towering evidence of our 19th-century heritage suggests how much we have expunged and exhausted in the 20th century. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

Make Way for the Hillbilly

by Marshall Fishwick

Garth Brooks and the 'New' Country Music

He looks into your eyes, moves you to tears, touches your heart. You cheer, raise your hands to heaven, bring offerings of red roses and baby's breath. Garth Brooks is conquering another audience, and country music is conquering America.

Check the music charts. Brooks is passing frenetic rap, snarling rock, and slithering MTV. True, Garth Brooks represents the "new wave" of country music singing, and he does not please the old-time performers and fans. For them electronic instruments, glitzy costumes, and sugar-sweet songs represent a sellout to the entertainment industry and a pandering to popularity. They miss the whine, the nasal sound, the impromptu chords and changes that used to mark "country." For them genuine hillbilly and mountain culture were destroyed by mass culture and contrived songs; for them, folklore has become fakelore. The debate rages, and both sides hold firm.

Garth Brooks may be a yokel from Yukon, Oklahoma, but he signals a change of heart in much of America and even in the world beyond. We all want to touch something solid, hear something sweet. We want to center on people, places, and values held long before the Age of Discs and Disinformation. People and places—populism and regionalism. Those are the *isms* that will win our support and votes. "Brooks has become," notes James Hunter in the *New York Times*, "the most influential agent of something that country music, occasionally to its advantage, loves to resist: change."

Garth Brooks sings of old friends, high hopes, log fires, and rivers: "You know a dream is like a river, ever changin' as it flows." He thinks about people, not cash flow: "When you see these people, it's like there's suddenly a bridge and you can just walk out and touch them . . . and they touch you." A man for this season, he reaps a golden harvest and links emotion and memory. Make way

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for the hillbilly.

Scholars say the term was coined circa 1500 in hilly Scotland, where "billie" meant fellow or companion. The term crossed the Atlantic and re-routed into Appalachia. There were other terms for hardworking migrants: poor white, woolhat, redneck, tarheel, bluegrass. North Carolinians are still known as tarheels, and Kentucky is the Bluegrass State. Back then "western Virginia" meant "western America." The Wilderness Road was a Virginia road. Kentucky was a Virginia county. Orange County, established in 1734, stretched to the Mississippi. Jefferson sent two fellow Virginians, Lewis and Clark, to push to the Pacific. They did.

Meanwhile hillbillies, landless and often penniless pilgrims, were passing large rivers without shoes or stockings and (as Moses Austin wrote) "with barely as many rags as covers their nakedness." Their songs reflected a poignancy and a sadness that still marks country music:

I came to this country in seventy-forty nine
I saw many a true love, but I never say mine.
I looked all around me and found I was alone
And me a poor stranger, a long way from home.

There were good moments. The children could mock mockingbirds, catch Juney bugs, and call doodlebugs out of their holes. There were revivals and weddings with lots of vittles: pork, beef, turkey, bear, corn pone, chucky-beans. Maybe even pot licker. There was something else: community. In traditional societies such as theirs, people were the most valuable resource and place gave identity. In modern times the formula is changing. "Things" are in the saddle and ride mankind. Power and privilege are indispensable; people are disposable. "In our Western societies," Marcell Mauss writes, "we have turned people into economic animals."

The results are devastating—for families, cities, nations. Wedded to the bottom line, we have hit the bottom so far as consensus, discipline, and denial are concerned. Instead we go for the gold, look out for Number One, winner take all. This may create sports stars, celebrities, junk-bond dealers—but community?

Change is in the air. That is the chief lesson of the 1992 political campaign at home and of populist revolts abroad. Instead of fire power, we need a fired-up economy. Instead of more stealth bombers and spy satellites, we need more jobs. Of course we have commitments abroad, but where does charity begin? At home.

Country music has been saying this for a long time. For generations it was folk music. Folklore is the country mouse speaking, even when the city mouse isn't listening. For a long time Appalachian folklore was confined to the isolated hills and hollows where it originated. Not until 1925 did the "Grand Ole Opry" begin airing country music, broadcast from Nashville. It proved to be the longest continuous show on radio. The Nashville Sound is still booming, with records, tapes, and television shows that reach a world audience. It has come under different labels: country, western, country-western, mountain, old-time, dixie, cowboy, Nashville, rockabilly. The first American to combine hillbilly and music in print was Abel Green, in the December 1926 issue of *Variety* magazine. How could he have dreamed of the Nashville Revolution that followed? In 1985, 16 country albums went gold, each selling half a million copies. In 1992, 35 went platinum—selling over a million apiece. During those years TNN (Nashville's country-based cable network) jumped from seven to 53 million subscribers, and who knows how many people fought their way through urban clutter and pollution to watch *The Dukes of Hazzard*, *The Beverly Hillbillies*, or *Hee Haw*?

The village green seems more attractive than the global village. Mr. Big is on the retreat. The EC is seeing its plan for a united Europe blocked by farmers, truck drivers, local merchants. Little Denmark, like David, has already dared to defy Goliath and to withdraw from the union. French truckers defied their government and halted traffic for days.

The middle class is tired of working more and enjoying less, expecting solutions but getting soundbites. For many people, life is a mere barrage of unsolicited mail, of hard-sell phone calls from strangers, of notes from a bungling bureaucracy that does nothing in particular and does it rather well. Paper paper everywhere, and not a chance to think. Enough already!

What shall we do? E. M. Forster suggests a two-word answer: *Only Connect*. That is what Garth Brooks does and what we must do with our families, neighbors, politicians, and students. We want to live in harmony, if not always in agreement. This never has been, and won't be, easy. It will require new "habits of the heart," new modes of thinking. Amidst all our problems, there are some healthy signs, some good people, some emerging leaders. And, of course, there's always country music.

Marshall Fishwick is a professor of English at Virginia Polytechnic in Blacksburg, Virginia.

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BUT WHEN MEN PRODUCE THEM . . .

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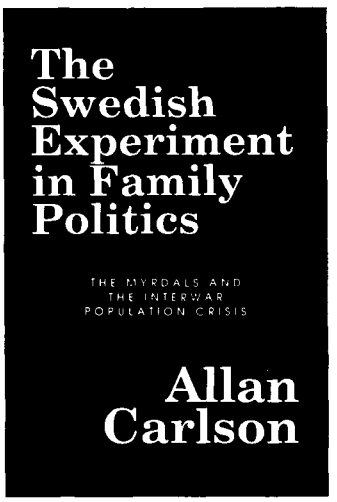

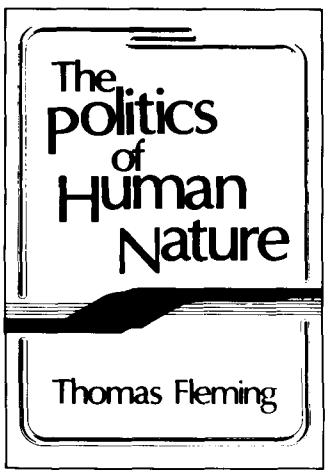

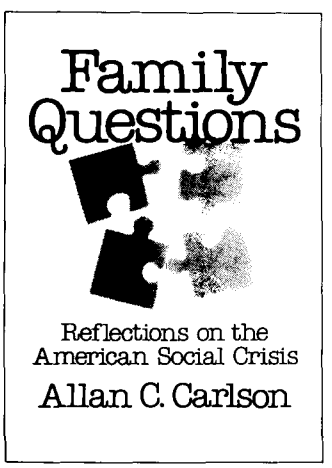

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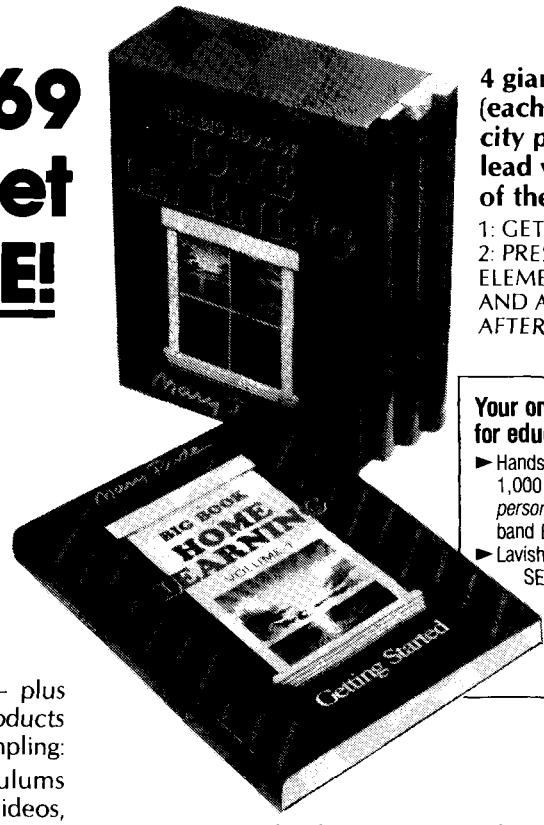

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